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BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!

magazine

THIS IS THE SECOND
DISTURBANCE AT THE NEW
TABLE! HOW DID THAT
AWFUL THING GET INTO
THE WOOD SURFACE?
WHERE IS THE CUSTOMER
WHO SAT HERE?

I-I HEARD HIM
SCREAM, SIR! WHEN
I RUSHED OVER--ALL I
COULD FIND OF HIM WAS
THAT HORRIBLE IMAGE
IN THE TABLE TOP!

READ
"THE SOUL-
CATCHER!"



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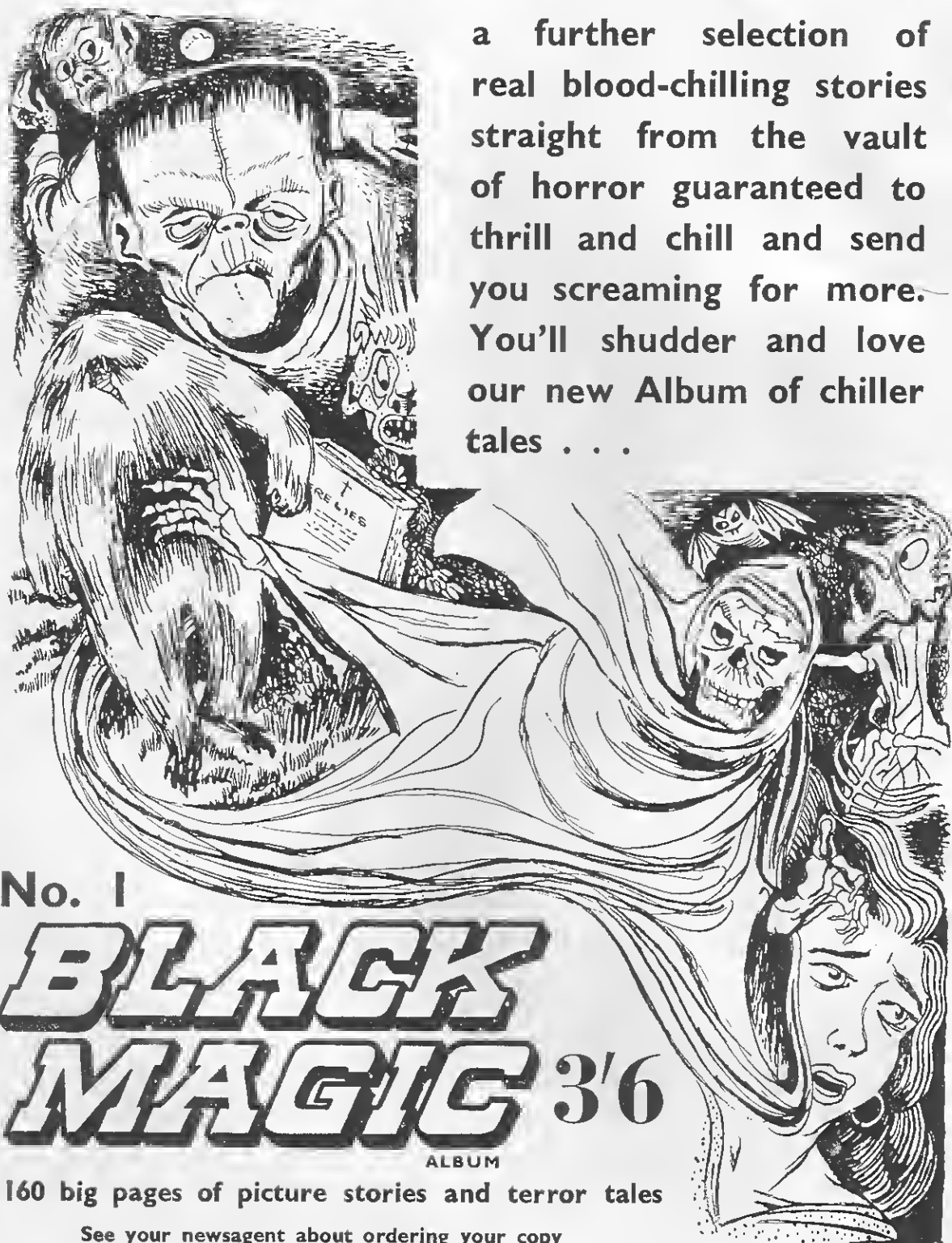
No. 1

BLACK MAGIC 3'6

ALBUM

160 big pages of picture stories and terror tales

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No one can set a trap like the devil. This one was most effective-- because it looked so harmless.

The SOUL CATCHER!



THIS WAY! THE BOILER ROOM IS AT THE END OF... IT'S MARIO! S-SOMETHING'S.. HAPPENING TO HIM!

QUICKLY MAN! THE DEVIL HIMSELF MAY BE AT WORK IN THAT ROOM!

HURRY, PAUL! THAT POOR FELLOW SOUNDS LIKE HIS VERY **SOUL** IS BEING TORTURED!

AAARGH!

"NO ONE BUT PAUL RAYFIELD COULD HAVE MADE ME, JOE BARRET, LEAVE THE AIR CONDITIONED ROOM OF MY NEW YORK APARTMENT FOR A FOUL SMELLING PIER WHOSE TIMBERS LAY DRY AND PARCHED IN THE BLISTERING HEAT OF A MID-SUMMER SUN!

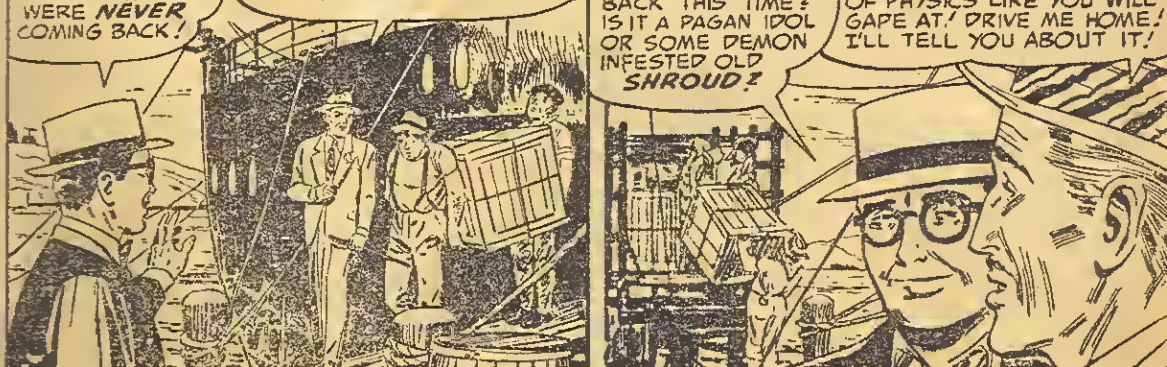
"WHEN PAUL RETURNED TO NEW YORK HE ALWAYS BROUGHT BACK A HOST OF STRANGE OBJECTS! YOU SEE, HE WAS A STUDENT OF THE OCCULT AND HIS COLLECTION OF WIERD AND UNUSUAL INSTRUMENTS OF WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY WAS SO COMPLETE IT COULD NEVER BE DUPLICATED BY ANYONE!

WELCOME HOME, PAUL! YOU'VE BEEN GONE SO LONG I THOUGHT YOU WERE **NEVER** COMING BACK!

YOU MEN, CAREFUL WITH THAT CRATE! SEE THAT IT'S DELIVERED TO MY HOME IMMEDIATELY!

WELL, PAUL, WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT BACK THIS TIME? IS IT A PAGAN IDOL OR SOME DEMON INFESTED OLD **SHROUD?**

DON'T KID ME, JOE! I HAVE SOMETHING EVEN A HARD-HEADED PRACTICAL TEACHER OF PHYSICS LIKE YOU WILL GAPE AT! DRIVE ME HOME! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!



PAUL SAT BESIDE ME AS I DROVE UP BROADWAY! HE PROMISED TO REVEAL HIS SECRET WHEN WE REACHED HIS HOME! NOTHING COULD PERSUADE HIM TO GIVE ME A HINT AND THE NEXT FORTY MINUTES WERE SPENT IN SMALL TALK UNTIL I PULLED UP AT HIS WESTCHESTER ADDRESS!

THE LEGENDS OF WOOD SPIRITS! THERE ARE EVEN PEOPLE TODAY WHO BELIEVE THESE CREATURES EXIST!

I KNOW, OUR MENTAL INSTITUTIONS ARE FULL OF THEM!



DON'T LAUGH, THEY DO EXIST! I'VE BROUGHT ONE BACK WITH ME! IT BELONGED TO A WITCH DOCTOR DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF CEYLON! HE KNEW IT FOR WHAT IT WAS! NOT A GAY MYTHOLOGICAL WOOD NYMPH THAT POETS GLORIFY, BUT AN EVIL MALIGNANT ENTITY OF THE DEVIL'S OWN CREATION!



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, PAUL! WHAT IS THIS THING AN OLD LOG WITH THE DEVIL HIDING IN ITS HOLLOW CORE?

PERHAPS IT IS THE DEVIL, BUT IT'S NOT A LOG HE'S IN! IT'S A TABLE. BEAUTIFULLY FASHIONED BY SOME UNKNOWN JUNGLE CRAFTSMAN MANY CENTURIES AGO! WAIT TILL YOU SEE IT!



WE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE CRATE TO ARRIVE... BUT FATE HAD OTHER PLANS FOR ITS HELLISH CONTENTS!

HEY, CHARLIE, HURRY UP! GET THAT CRATE INTO NICKY'S PLACE! THEY'RE WAITING FOR IT!

OKAY, MURPHY! NOW WHICH CRATE DOES NICKY GET? OH, YEAH, IT'S THIS ONE!



LUNKHEADS! DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A CHROME TABLE? WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE THAT STUPID TRUCK-MAN WAIT UNTIL YOU UNCRATED THIS ANTIQUE! WHAT SHALL WE USE TO REPLACE NUMBER THIRTEEN NOW?

I..I'M SORRY, NICKY! IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

MISTAKES HAPPEN! PUT A TABLECLOTH OVER IT AND NO ONE WILL NOTICE! IT WILL DO FOR TONIGHT! TOMORROW YOU CAN CALL THE TRUCKER AND STRAIGHTEN IT OUT!



AN HOUR LATER AS THE SUPPER CROWD BEGAN TO ARRIVE, EVERYONE HURRIED TO HIS APPOINTED STATION... AND TABLE NUMBER THIRTEEN WAS FORGOTTEN, AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT!

REMEMBER OUR LITTLE AGREEMENT, TONY! I'VE PLACED OUR BEST TIPPER AT YOUR TABLES TONIGHT! WE BOTH SHOULD DO VERY WELL, EH?

YOU CALL THEM SPENDERS! THE LAST THREE COUPLES THAT OCCUPIED TABLE THIRTEEN DRANK LIKE FISH, MADE LOTS OF NOISE, BUT NO TIPS! ONLY CIGAR BURNS IN THE TABLE CLOTH AS BIG AS SILVER DOLLARS! I THINK THAT ANTIQUE IS JINKED!



"MEANWHILE MURPHY, OBLIVIOUS TO THE TRAGIC ERROR HE HAD MADE INNOCENTLY DELIVERED THE OTHER CRATE TO ITS WESTCHESTER PLACE."

SORRY I COULDN'T GET HERE SOONER, SIR! WE HAD SOME ENGINE TROUBLE IN THE BRONX!

YOU HAD ME WORRIED! I THOUGHT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO THE TABLE! OPEN THE CRATE, QUICKLY!



YOU IDIOT! WHAT KIND OF A JOKE IS THIS? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY TABLE?

EASY, PAUL, THERE'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN A MISTAKE! LISTEN, DRIVER, THE CRATE MY FRIEND GAVE YOU AT THE PIER CONTAINED A VALUABLE ANTIQUE TABLE!

DID YOU DELIVER A SIMILAR BOX TO ANYONE ELSE IN THE LAST FEW HOURS?



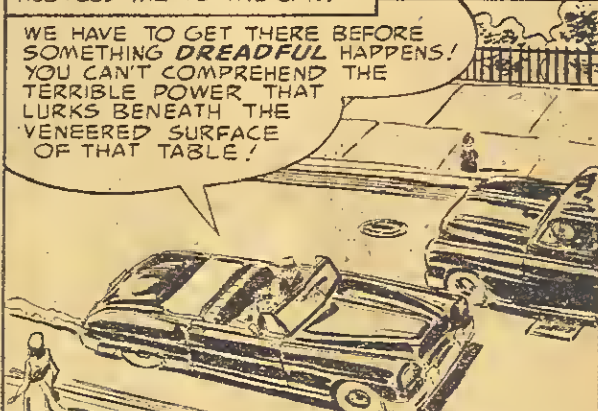
LET'S SEE NOW! OH YEAH! MY HELPER AND I STOPPED BY NICKY'S HIDEAWAY TO DELIVER A CRATE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE!

CHARLIE PROBABLY TOOK THE WRONG ONE! I'LL GET IT BACK FOR YOU!



"PAUL DIDN'T WAIT FOR ANY FURTHER EXPLANATIONS...FRANTICALLY GRABBING ME BY THE ARM HE HUSTLED ME TO THE CAR!"

WE HAVE TO GET THERE BEFORE SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENS! YOU CAN'T COMPREHEND THE TERRIBLE POWER THAT LURKS BENEATH THE VENEERED SURFACE OF THAT TABLE!



"BUT BACK AT NICKY'S HIDEAWAY, THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN!"

NO TIPS AT TABLE

THIRTEEN YET? WELL, I'VE JUST PLACED THE SENATOR AND HIS NEW, AH, SECRETARY AT TABLE THIRTEEN! HE'S A GOOD TIPPER.. NEVER LESS

THAN FIVE DOLLARS! WATCH ME BREAK YOUR JINX!

GO AHEAD, BUT REMEMBER, YOUR CUT IS ONLY TWENTY PERCENT OF THE TIP!

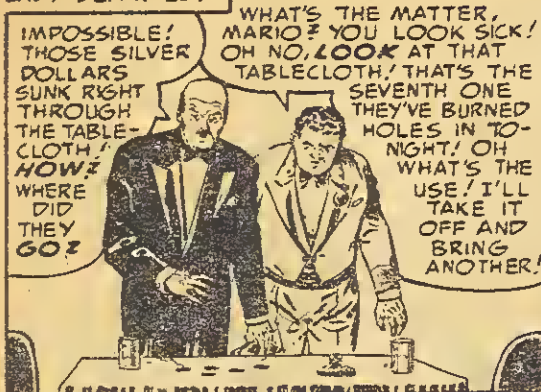


AH, SENATOR! I HOPE YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY WERE WELL TAKEN CARE OF! I TRUST YOU'VE ENJOYED YOURSELVES! YOUR CHECK, SENATOR!

EVERYTHING WAS JUST FINE, MARIO! OH, YES, THE CHECK!

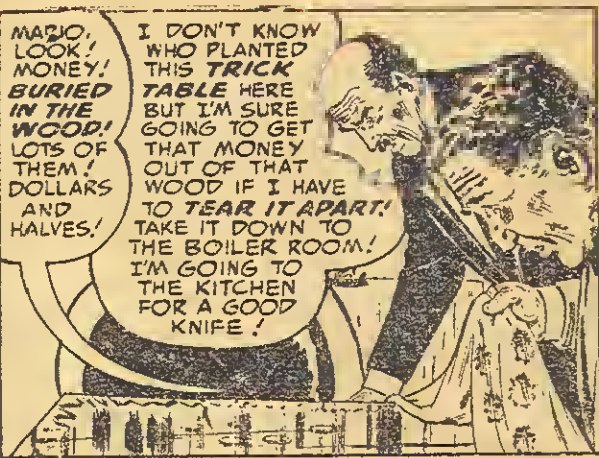


THE SENATOR PLACED SEVERAL LARGE SILVER COINS ON THE TABLE AND HE AND THE YOUNG LADY DEPARTED!



IMPOSSIBLE! THOSE SILVER DOLLARS SUNK RIGHT THROUGH THE TABLE-CLOTH! HOW! WHERE DID THEY GO?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARIO? YOU LOOK SICK! OH NO, LOOK AT THAT TABLECLOTH! THAT'S THE SEVENTH ONE THEY'VE BURNED HOLES IN TO-NIGHT! OH WHAT'S THE USE! I'LL TAKE IT OFF AND BRING ANOTHER!



MARIO, LOOK! MONEY! MONEY! BURIED IN THE WOOD! LOTS OF THEM! DOLLARS AND HALVES!

I DON'T KNOW WHO PLANTED THIS TRICK TABLE HERE BUT I'M SURE GOING TO GET THAT MONEY OUT OF THAT WOOD IF I HAVE TO TEAR IT APART! TAKE IT DOWN TO THE BOILER ROOM! I'M GOING TO THE KITCHEN FOR A GOOD KNIFE!

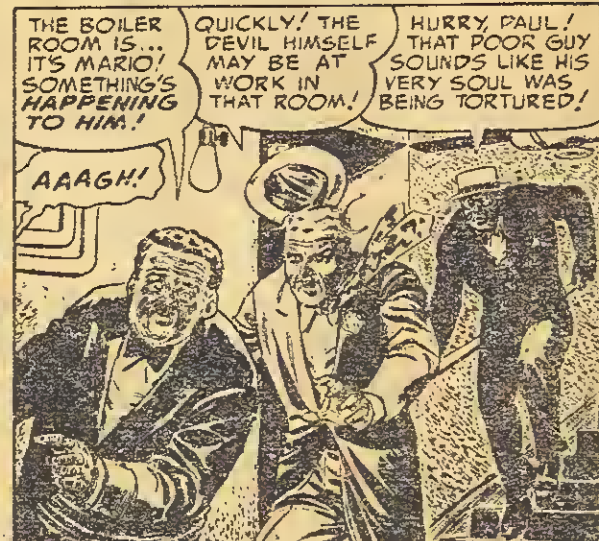
TEN MINUTES LATER PAUL AND I ENTERED THE DIMLY LIT NOISY INTERIOR OF NICKY'S HIDEAWAY!



THIS IS MR. RAYFIELD! A TABLE BELONGING TO HIM WAS DELIVERED HERE THIS AFTERNOON! THE TRUCKER MADE A MISTAKE!

YOU'RE TOO LATE! MARIO'S IN THE BOILER ROOM BREAKING IT UP!

WHAT! HE'LL BE KILLED! TAKE US TO HIM... QUICKLY MAN, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE BOILER ROOM IS... IT'S MARIO! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM!

QUICKLY! THE DEVIL HIMSELF MAY BE AT WORK IN THAT ROOM!

HURRY, PAUL! THAT POOR GUY SOUNDS LIKE HIS VERY SOUL BEING TORTURED!

AAAGH!



HOLY COW! WHAT HAPPENED TO MARIO!

DON'T TOUCH THE TABLE, JOE! WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S BEYOND ANY HELP WE COULD GIVE HIM! SEE THAT KNIFE BESIDE HIM! HE ATTACKED THAT EVIL CREATURE IN THE WOOD AND IT DESTROYED HIM!

WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM THIS WAY! I'LL MOVE THE TABLE AWAY FROM HIS BODY!



GREAT SCOTT! LOOK!

IT'S HORRIBLE! IT WASN'T SATISFIED WITH THE ACCURSED SILVER ITS GREEDY MIND HAD ENVISIONED! WHEN THAT POOR MAN TRIED TO OBTAIN THE COINS IT STOLE HIS SOUL!

END

If you doubt this story, look up at the night sky and ask yourself this question:
Among all those billions of stars is our little planet the only one to support life?
Are we alone in the universe?

July 29 (UP)—Mysterious objects swooped over the East Coast today and the Air Force called in top scientists to study them.

Air Force Administration officials said today.

At 4 AM this morning, he said, there were as many as eight to 12 of the objects.

Perils

ON, July 29
 Force says it's
 flying saucers
 a certain or

whether they
 be a menace
 to date here
 to be natural phe-

of reports that scores
 of objects had been
 seen in the Washington
 during the past 10 days
 Air Force to call a special
 conference yesterday to tell
 news—or thought—of

Official Air Force con-
 ference yesterday:
 But one-fifth of the sighting
 reports are "from credible ob-
 servers, of testable incredible
 things — so we keep on being
 concerned about them."

NO MESSAGE TO THE U.S.
 Of the one-fifth for which there
 is no explanation, Maj. Gen. John
 A. Gantard, intelligent director,
 said:

"No pattern has ever been
 found that reveals anything
 revealing like a purpose or de-
 signers that can in any way
 be associated with any menace
 to the United States."
 Gantard is one of the Air Force
 two top experts on saucers. The
 other is Maj. Gen. Roger Ramsey,
 director of operations. Both at-
 tended the news conference to an-
 swer whatever questions.

Gantard and Ramsey announced
 that since 1947 the Air Force has

MONSTERS ON THE LAKE!

More Mystery Objects, Ghostly Lights Spotted in LI Skies

Mysterious thing, one that looked like a traditional flying saucer, one resembling an airborne rhinestone and some just plain "lights" were spotted yesterday by Nassau and Suffolk residents.

The heavenly rhinestone was spotted by a Nassau resident.

The disc, he said, was obviously identify them by their popular name "flying saucers."

Tells of Trailing 'Flying Saucers'

By JAMES M. RITCHIE

Radio Specialist, Washington Air Route Traffic Control Center

Coast Guard Photographs 'Saucers'

Washington (AP)—Coast Guard Headquarters today made public a photograph of "un-identified aerial phenomena" taken by a 21-year-old Coast Guard aviator.

The photo clearly shows that

round objects, each in a

extending from the

penetrating at the horizon

side. The light

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AF Continues 'Disc' Checks



'Saucer' Snapped Over N.Y.

Ta 'Sp'

Produced by SIMON & KIRBY

AF Calls on Science As 'Ghosts' Fly Again

Washington, July 29 (UP)—The Air Force called in top scientists today to find out what "flying saucers" really are as mysterious objects again swooped over the Capital.

Sky Phantoms—AF Says It's the Scientists Explain Views

Search Sky As 'Saucers' Blot Radar

WASHINGTON, July 29

"I WISH WITH ALL MY HEART THAT I'D BEEN A THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM WHAT HAPPENED THAT DREADFUL NIGHT ON LAKE CLAIRE. THEN I'D HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO WERE UNAWARE OF IT. THEN I'D HAVE BEEN SAVED THE EMBARRASSING AND DIFFICULT TASK OF SAYING TO THESE SKEPTICAL MILLIONS: **I SAW A FLYING SAUCER... CLOSE UP... FROM THE INSIDE!**

I'VE NO IDEA AT THIS MOMENT HOW YOU'VE TAKEN THAT STATEMENT! I PRESUME YOU'RE LAUGHING? WELL, THAT'S OKAY! I WOULD TOO... IF I WERE IN **YOUR SHOES!**



ONLY I'M **NOT!** THERE ARE **BURNS** ON MY BODY... MY MEMORY IS PERMANENTLY SCARRED! AND THE DEVILISH PRODDING OF MY CONSCIENCE HAS FINALLY DRIVEN ME, AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT **...TO RISK PUBLIC RIDICULE WITH THIS STORY...**



"IT WAS FANTASTIC FROM ITS VERY START, BECAUSE IT WAS MOMENTOUS IN NATURE! AND IT SHOULD HAVE OCCURRED IN A LOCALITY WHERE MORE COMPETENT AUTHORITY THAN THE BACKWOODS RESIDENTS OF **CLEMENTS COUNTY** WAS AVAILABLE! I CAN RECALL THE FIRST STIRRINGS OF IT... IN THE GENERAL STORE.

THAT'S **ALL OF IT, GUS...** JUST PUT IT ON THE BILL...

IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, HARRY STONE, I'D RATHER HAVE **THE CASH!**



GUESS, I'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG, GUS. I SHOULD HAVE **REMEMBERED** YOUR POLICY! HOW'S BUSINESS?

ON THAT BASIS, I DO WELL ENOUGH! OF COURSE, A MAN CAN'T HOPE TO MAKE **BIG CITY** PROFITS IN A TOWN OF THIS SIZE!



I WONDER WHY YOU NEVER TRIED THE CITY, GUS? WITH YOUR YEN FOR A DOLLAR, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN **RICH BY THIS TIME!**

I WOULDN'T HAVE BECOME A REPORTER LIKE YOU, THAT'S FOR SURE! AND, I'D NEVER HAVE COME BACK **HERE...** NOT EVEN FOR FISHING!



WELL, THIS PLACE CAN'T BE **COMPLETELY** DEAD... NOT WHEN THE LOCALS STILL FIND TOPICS FOR SUCH HEATED CONVERSATION!

OH, YOU MEAN **JULE MORRISON AND HIS FLYING SAUCERS!** THE OLD FOOL CLAIMS A... A FLIGHT OF THEM LIT OVER HIS TOBACCO PATCH LAST NIGHT!



HMPF... I NEVER FIGURED
JULE AS ONE FOR SPIN-
NING WILD YARNS!
SEVEN SAUCERS...
BLAZING AND
SPITTING GREEN
FIRE OVER
HIS LAND...
PAH!

SAUCER
STORIES... HERE
IN CLEMENTS
COUNTY! WELL!
SHADES OF
PROGRESS!



IT'S BROKEN OUT LIKE
A RASH... ALL OVER TOWN!
ALMOST **EVERYONE** HAS
SEEN A SAUCER! IT'S
ENOUGH TO MAKE
A MAN GAG...

COULD BE THAT
SOME OF THE
BOYS HAVE BEEN
DRINKING OUT OF
THE SAME JUG! I'LL
SEE YOU, GUS!



"SO THERE YOU ARE! THAT WAS MY
OPINION ON THE SUBJECT OF FLYING
SAUCERS! TO ME IT WAS A MODERN WILL-
O'-THE-WISP WITH BUILT IN GOOSE PIMPLES!
FRANKLY, MY DISH WAS THRILLS IN MORE
FAMILIAR FORM-LIKE THE SIGHT OF A GOOD
SIZED TROUT WITH FURY IN HIS EYES! I
WAS EAGER TO GET BACK TO MY FISHING!



"ENTHUSIASM MUST FIND PHYSICAL EXPRESSION!
AS THE MILES FLEW BY, I'D WHISTLED AWAY
A FULL REPERTOIRE OF POP SONGS AND WAS
STARTING ON THE CLASSICS... THEN I
GLANCED UP FROM THE ROAD AHEAD...
AND DID A DOUBLE TAKE AT THE SKY!

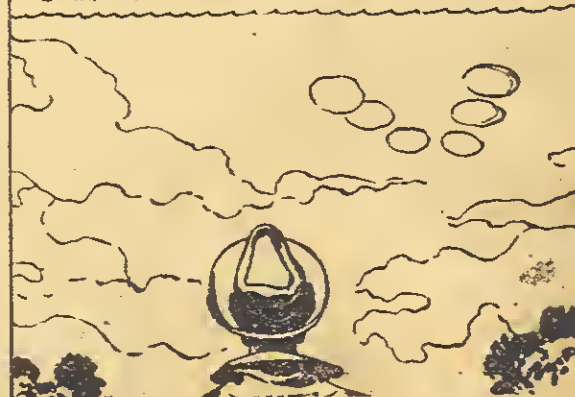


"I BROUGHT THE CAR TO A JOLTING STOP
THAT ALMOST SNAPPED ME IN TWO! SHAKING
LIKE A LEAF, I STARED, DUMBSTRUCK AT
WHAT WAS GOING ON IN THE WILD, BLUE
PONDOR!

GREAT DAY IN
THE MORNING!



"THEY WERE **MILK WHITE**... LIKE THE
CLOUDS THAT DOTTED THE SKY... ONLY
CLOUDS WERE NEVER SO PERFECTLY **DISC**
SHAPED... OR MOVED IN SUCH PRECISE
FORMATION... AT THAT KIND OF SPEED...



"IN THE SPAN OF ONE FULL SECOND, I'D WATCHED THEM COVER THE DISTANCE AND EXECUTE THE MANEUVERS THAT NO AIRCRAFT I'D EVER SEEN COULD DUPLICATE! WHEN THE SECOND WAS GONE — SO WERE THE DISCS!

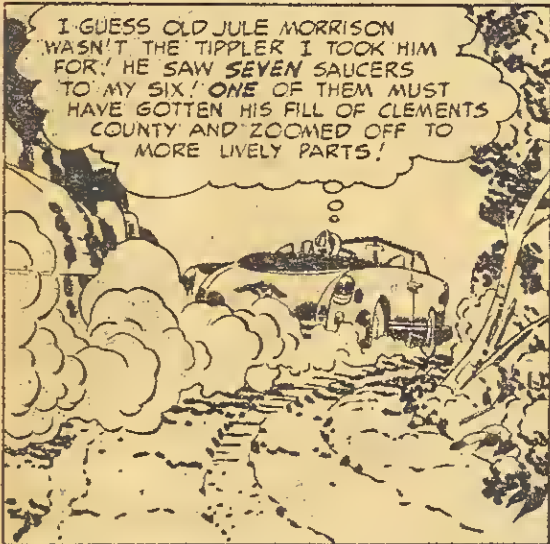


NO USE RUBBING MY EYES... I SAW THEM... PLAIN AS DAY... WHATEVER THEY WERE --

WELL, THERE'S NO USE IN RAISING A LOT OF BLOOD PRESSURE ABOUT IT. THIS IS AN AGE OF 'BUCK ROGERS' GADGETS! THEY'LL TAKE THESE THINGS OUT OF THE HUSH-HUSH STAGE ANY DAY NOW!



I GUESS OLD JULE MORRISON WASN'T THE TIPPLER I TOOK HIM FOR! HE SAW SEVEN SAUCERS TO MY SIX! ONE OF THEM MUST HAVE GOTTEN HIS FILL OF CLEMENTS COUNTY AND ZOOMED OFF TO MORE LIVELY PARTS!



"HAD I ALLOWED THAT FLIPPANT THOUGHT TO DEVELOP INTO A SOLID HUNCH, I BELIEVE I MAY HAVE FORESTALLED THE HORROR THAT WAS TO FOLLOW — AND GAINED REKNOWN WITH WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE GREATEST NEWS BEAT OF ALL TIME! INSTEAD I FISHED — AND ATE — AND PREPARED FOR BED — THINKING ONLY OF THE FEW DAYS LEFT TO MY VACATION.

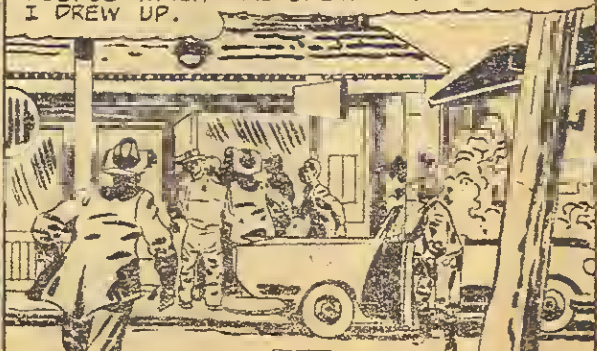


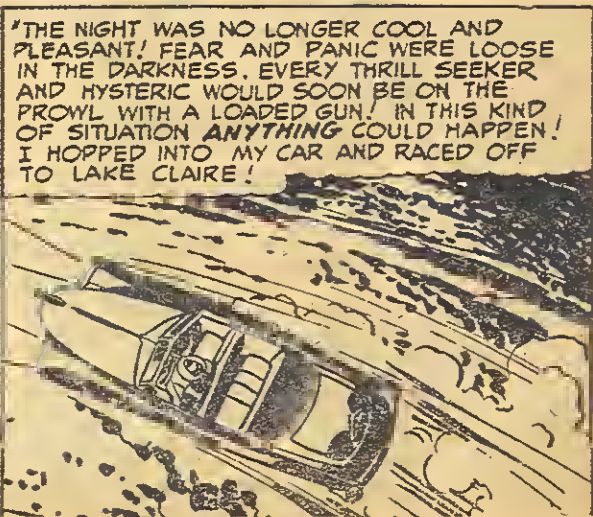
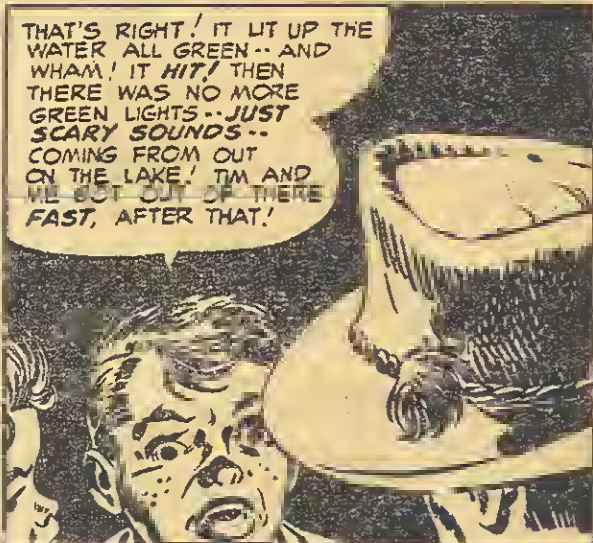
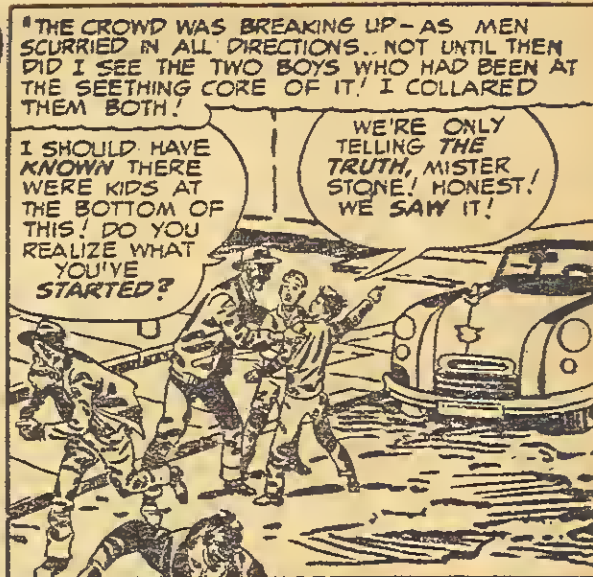
DAWGONNIT! HOW ABSENT MINDED CAN A GUY GET? I MEANT TO BUY SOME TOBACCO FROM GUS -- AND PLUMB FORGOT ABOUT IT!

SAY! I COULD RIDE BACK TO TOWN AND GET SOME! IT'S STILL EARLY. SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG TO GET THERE AND BACK. SURE! WHY NOT!

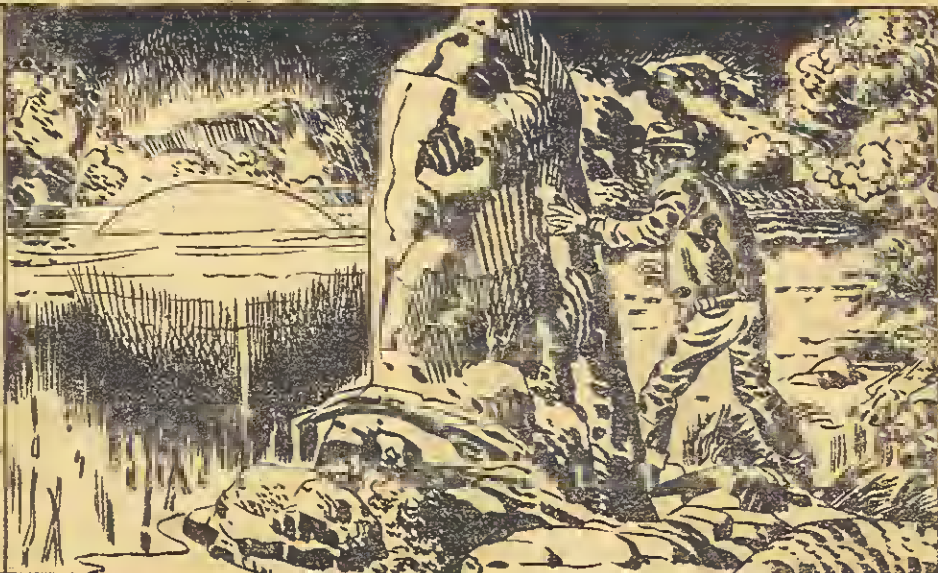


"I MADE PRETTY GOOD TIME ON THOSE DARK ROADS. THE TOWN SEEMED STRANGELY ALIVE FOR THAT EARLY HOUR... IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE WAS A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE WHICH WAS GROWING LARGER AS I DREW UP.



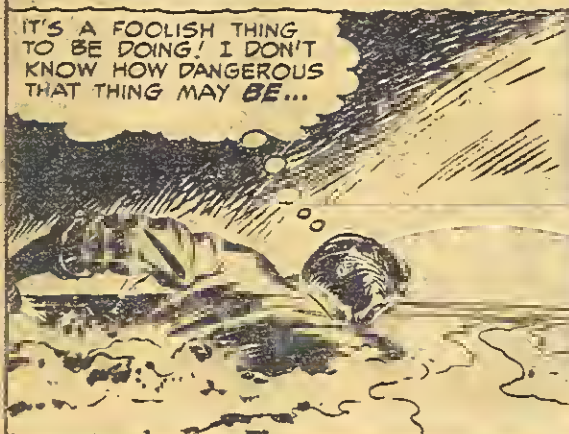


HOW CAN I DESCRIBE THE UTTERLY ASTOUNDING SIGHT WHICH MET MY EYES ON THE SHORES OF LAKE CLAIRE? IT LOOKED LIKE THE TOP OF A HUGE, FIFTY FOOT ELECTRIC BULB, GLOWING GREEN AND HOT IN THE CENTER OF THE LAKE! I REMEMBERED THE SIX SAUCERS I'D SEEN EARLIER THAT DAY. THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE MISSING SEVENTH!



"THERE WASN'T TIME FOR ANYTHING BUT SWIFT ACTION. A THOUSAND, LITTLE EYES OF LIGHT WE'RE DARTING ALONG EVERY DARK SHORE OF THE LAKE. AND THEY *WEREN'T* FIREFLIES! I DECIDED TO BE THE FIRST MAN ABOARD THE DISC! I SWAM FOR IT!

IT'S A FOOLISH THING TO BE DOING! I DON'T KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THAT THING MAY BE...



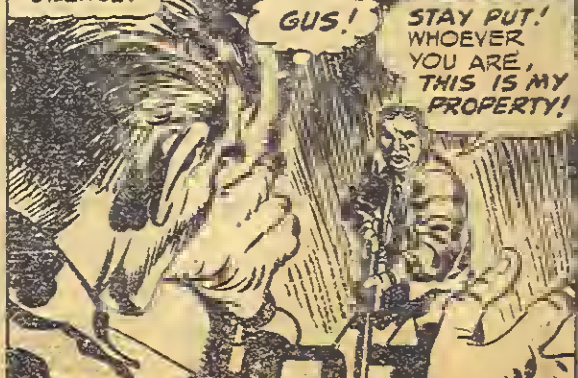
"ITS GLOWING SURFACE WAS NEITHER ROUGH NOR GLASS LIKE! I CLAMBERED ABOARD WITHOUT TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY. THE ONLY OPENING I COULD SEE WAS AN UGLY RENT WHICH IT HAD EVIDENTLY SUFFERED UPON LANDING! I ALSO NOTICED THE ROWBOAT DRIFTING NEARBY. I WAS *NOT* THE FIRST MAN ABOARD THE THING--



"STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE INTERIOR OF THE THING CAST VERY LITTLE LIGHT... I SENSED SOMETHING WEIRD AND ALIEN IN THE DIM SHADOWS! WHAT I COULD SEE WAS INTRICATE, COMPACT AND TOTALLY FOREIGN TO THE EYE...



"MY MIND RANG WITH THE SHOUTS OF THOSE TWO YOUNGSTERS IN TOWN -- *MONSTERS FROM MARS!* -- FROM MARS -- MARS -- I ALMOST JUMPED OUT OF MY SOGGY SHOES WHEN THE VOICE EXPLODED IN THE DEAD SILENCE.



GUS!

STAY PUT! WHOEVER YOU ARE, THIS IS MY PROPERTY!

OH, IT'S YOU, STONE!
SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT
TO TURN YOU OUT!
THIS THING WILL NEED
A BIT OF CLEANING UP
BEFORE IT'S READY
FOR PAYING CUSTOMERS

DON'T TALK LIKE A
CHILD, GUS! WHAT
WE'VE GOT HERE
IS TOO BIG FOR
YOUR KIND OF
ANGLE!



"GUS SHIFTED ANGRILY AND BARKED AT ME
LIKE A HOUND DOG DEFENDING HIS CACHE OF
BONES AGAINST AN INTRUDER. I GOT THE
SHOCK OF MY LIFE WHEN I SAW WHAT HIS
WIDE BULK HAD BEEN BLOCKING OFF FROM
VIEW..."

MY PLANS ARE
BIG ENOUGH! BUT THEY
DON'T INCLUDE YOU
OR ANYBODY ELSE--
D'YA HEAR ME?"



HE STOOD BEHIND
GUS--A LITTLE
MAN--NOT MORE
THAN THIRTY
INCHES HIGH!
AND EXCEPT
FOR THE
CUTS AND
BRUISES, HIS
FACE WAS NO
DIFFERENT
THAN ANY
OF OURS!
THERE WERE
OTHERS, BUT
THEY WERE
DEAD--LYING
IN THE
WRECKAGE
OF SOME
SORT OF CONTROL
MECHANISM
WHICH HAD
OBVIOUSLY BLOWN
UP AND
KILLED THEM.



GUS!-- GREAT
HEAVENS!

YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH,
FOR FREE, STONE!
NOW, GIT, I
SAY!



HOLD ON, GUS!
YOU DON'T
OWN THIS
THING LEGAL
LIKE!

CAL SHWITZER!
WELL, I GUESS YOU
HEARD WHAT I
TOLD STONE, HERE!
I WAS THE FIRST
TO CLAIM THIS
THING!-- AND
I AIM TO KEEP
IT!



"THIS WAS WHAT I'D FEARED, THE MOMENT I'D
SPOTTED THE DISC IN THE LAKE-- THE EXPLO-
SIVE REACTION OF THE VILLAGERS. AMBITIOUS
MEN LIKE GUS-- TROUBLE MAKERS LIKE CALVIN
SHWITZER AND HIS BROOD-- I COULD HEAR
OTHERS ARRIVING ON THE SCENE... DISASTER
WAS IN THE AIR-- IT HAD TO BE STOPPED!

WAIT, MEN! I BEG OF YOU!
WAIT TILL SHERIFF COLBY
GETS HERE--





"THE SOUND OF THAT SHOT BROUGHT A STORM
OF ANIMAL FURY SUCH AS I'D NEVER
WITNESSED. BOTH GUS AND HIS VICTIM WERE
SWALLOWED IN THE RUSH AND ROAR OF
THE VIOLENCE."



"THERE WERE SHOUTS AND THRASHINGS AND
THE BRIGHT FLASH OF BLOOD! I STAGGERED
TO MY FEET—ALMOST SOBBING IN DESPAIR
—**NOT** KNOWING WHAT TO DO NEXT IN
THAT WHIRLING MADNESS."



"BEYOND THE HEAVING MOUND OF FLAILING
ARMS AND LEGS, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF
THE LITTLE MAN OF THE SAUCER CREW. HE
STOOD LIKE A MINIATURE DANIEL IN A DEN
OF RAGING BEASTS. **SUDDENLY, I FOUND
HIS EYES LOOKING SQUARELY INTO MINE!**"



"PERHAPS, HE KNEW THAT I'D TRIED TO
HELP! THOSE EYES KNEW A LOT OF
THINGS. THEY KNEW HOW TO TELL ME
WHAT HE WAS ABOUT TO DO. AND,
WHEN HE TURNED TO DO IT-- I TURNED
AND RAN!"



"SOMETHING UNPLEASANT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS. AND MY FLIGHT TO SAFETY WASN'T BEATING THAT MARGIN! SUDDENLY I SAW THE GRESSED RENT AND HEAVED MYSELF INTO THE COOL NIGHT!



"THE GLOWING HULL OF THE SAUCER BEGAN TO BLAZE WITH FIERY INTENSITY BENEATH MY FEET! IN THAT MOMENT I LEAPED INTO THE LAKE!



"THERE WAS NO SOUND! NO SEARING BLAST! JUST AN EXPANDING, GROWING SUN AND A TERRIBLE FORCE I COULD NOT SEE OR FEEL-- WHICH CAUGHT ME IN MID-LEAP AND HURLED ME ACROSS THE WATERS.



"I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF AN INCIDENT NO ONE COULD EXPLAIN! MY EXPLANATION WAS ATTRIBUTED TO DELIRIUM AT THE HOSPITAL. AFTER THAT, IT WAS ACCEPTED AS AN UNFORTUNATE RESULT OF MY INJURIES..

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, DOC. EVERY WORD OF IT IS TRUE--

OF COURSE, OF COURSE. YOU MUST REST NOW, STONE!



I STILL BEAR THE ONLY EVIDENCE THERE IS OF THAT FANTASTIC NIGHT! THEY ARE RADIATION BURNS OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN-- AND I'VE BEEN TOLD I SHALL SUCCUMB TO THEM!



THAT'S WHY I'M UNMINDFUL OF ANY FIRE MY STATEMENT DRAWS. WITH MY DYING LIPS I SAY-- THERE WERE MEN AND MONSTERS ON THE LAKE THAT NIGHT. THE MEN WERE NOT FROM THIS PLANET... THE MONSTERS WERE!

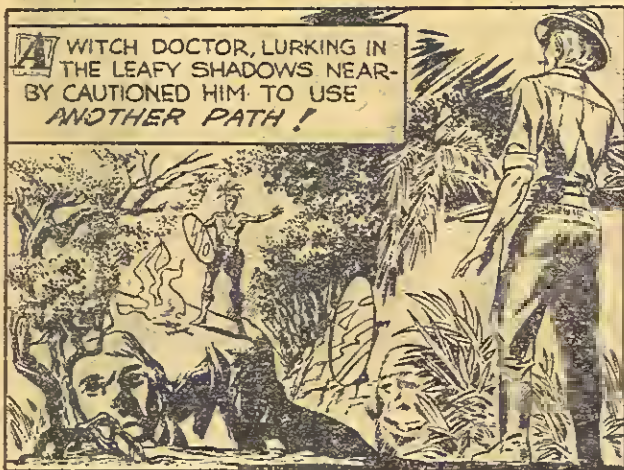


DEATH ^{By} MAGIC

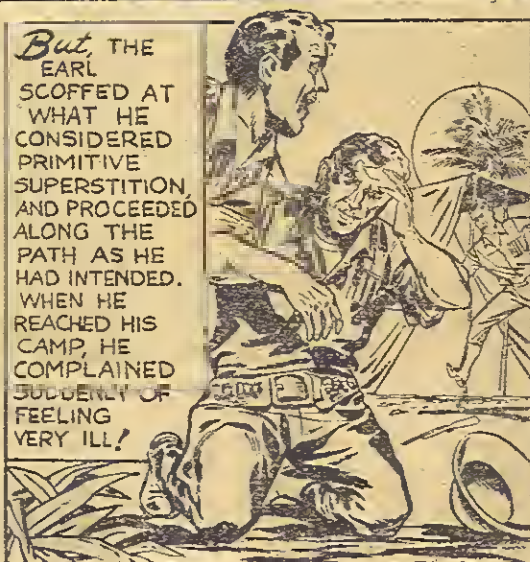
THE ENGLISH EARL OF ERROL, WHILE SCOUTING THROUGH THE EERIE JUNGLE.. ON A BIG GAME HUNTING EXPEDITION IN KENYA COLONY, CAME UPON A PLACE IN THE SOMBRE VEGETATION WHERE HE SAW DISPLAYED WEIRD NATIVE SYMBOLS!



A WITCH DOCTOR, LURKING IN THE LEAFY SHADOWS NEAR-BY CAUTIONED HIM TO USE ANOTHER PATH!



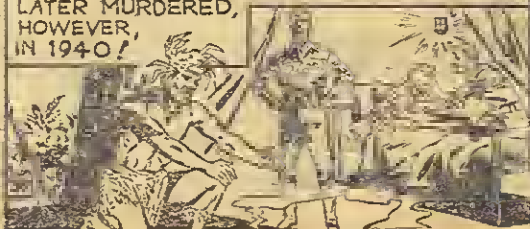
But, THE EARL SCOFFED AT WHAT HE CONSIDERED PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITION, AND PROCEEDED ALONG THE PATH AS HE HAD INTENDED. WHEN HE REACHED HIS CAMP, HE COMPLAINED SUDDENLY OF FEELING VERY ILL!



The EARL WAS A MAN WHO HAD NEVER BELIEVED IN BLACK MAGIC, SO HE CERTAINLY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MENTALLY SUSCEPTIBLE. YET, WHEN A DOCTOR COULD FIND NO DIAGNOSIS FOR THE FRIGHTENING SYMPTOMS, HE HAD THE WITCH DOCTOR BROUGHT IN IMMEDIATELY!



When ACCUSED OF PRACTICING BLACK MAGIC AND THREATENED WITH PRISON, THE WITCH DOCTOR CALLED OFF HIS CURSE AND THE EARL GRADUALLY EMERGED FROM HIS STUPOR! HE WAS LATER MURDERED, HOWEVER, IN 1940!



HE LOOKED LIKE A THOUSAND OTHER MEN EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE THING THAT MADE HIM A MOST UNIQUE PERSONALITY!

FLETCHER'S TALENT!

HE'S ACTUALLY FLOATING IN MID-AIR! HE WILLED HIS BODY TO RISE— AND IT DID! I-I SEE IT HAPPENING! BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



IT IS SEPTEMBER 2, 1948, IN THE APARTMENT OF ARTHUR FLETCHER, A SELF STYLED PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR...

SITUATION! REALLY, MASTER FLETCHER, IF IT WEREN'T FOR OUR REPUTATION WE WOULD THINK THIS WAS SOME SORT OF JOKE!

IT IS NOT A JOKE! GENTLEMEN, I ASK ONLY THAT YOU LISTEN TO ME! THAT YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES! SEE—AND THEN TELL THE WORLD!



EACH OF YOU REPRESENTS A GREAT NEWSPAPER! YOU ARE MEN WHO DEAL IN THE TRUTH! YOUR READERS WILL BELIEVE WHAT YOU TELL THEM! THAT IS WHY I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE TONIGHT!

IF WHAT WE TELL THEM IS CREDIBLE, YES! BUT—LEVITATION? PEOPLE DEFYING THE LAWS OF GRAVITY AND SOARING THROUGH THE AIR BY SHEER WILL

POWER ALONE! NONSENSE!



NO! THE EAST HAS KNOWN THE SECRET FOR CENTURIES! IN **TIBET** I **SAW** IT DONE! I STUDIED! I LEARNED! I FASTED AND I CONTEMPLATED THE INFINITE! AND I SUCCEEDED!

WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN IN TIBET, FLETCHER---IN FACT, I EXPECTED THIS INTERVIEW TO DEAL WITH THE OCCULT. THAT'S WHY I CAME! MY READERS LIKE A TOUCH FOR THE UNUSUAL!

BUT THIS IS JUST A TRIFLE **TOO UNUSUAL!** AND MY TIME IS VALUABLE! SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I WON'T WAIT FOR THE-- **AH--DEMONSTRATION!**

YOU **MUST** STAY! I SHALL LIE ON THAT COUCH AND THEN RISE IN THE AIR ABOVE IT! YOU MUST WAIT AND SEE!



ARTHUR FLETCHER'S THIN FACE GLEAMED WITH AN INNER FIRE! THE SUNKEN EYES BLAZED WITH CONVICTION! JOHN DARCY STAYED! BUT ONLY OUT OF CURIOSITY!

PARLOR TRICKS! BAH! I REMEMBER WHEN MAGDA FLETCHER HELPED HER HUSBAND WRITE HIS BOOKS **EXPOSING PSYCHIC TRICKERY!**

IF YOU WILL REMAIN **QUIET, GENTLEMEN!** WHAT MY HUSBAND IS ABOUT TO ATTEMPT REQUIRES THE **UTMOST CONCENTRATION!**



A DOZEN PAIRS OF EYES FOCUSED ON A FACE SUDDENLY BEADED WITH PERSPIRATION. ON A THIN BODY STRAINING TO RELEASE ITSELF FROM THE POWER THAT HAS BOUND MAN TO THE EARTH SINCE TIME BEGAN ...

HE--HE APPEARS **DEAD!**

HIS EYES-- GREAT SCOTT! HE--HE'S MOVING **UPWARD!**

NO, NOT DEAD! LOOK AT



A DOZEN MEN SAW IT! THEY SAW FLETCHER RISE FROM HIS COUCH, HOVER FOR A MOMENT SIX INCHES ABOVE IT, AND THEN SLOWLY SINK BACK!

HE **DID** IT! IT'S INCREDIBLE! BUT HE ACTUALLY HOVERED IN MID-AIR!

AND I'VE SEEN THE SAME THING DONE BY **MAGICIANS!** IN CHEAP CARNIVALS! BUT I MUST CONFESS THAT FLETCHER'S STAGE EFFECTS ARE BETTER THAN THEIR! IT LOOKED ALMOST CONVINING ENOUGH TO BE **REAL!**

BUT-- YOU **SAW!** I CAN GIVE MANKIND THE GREAT-EST GIFT IT HAS EVER KNOWN! FREEDOM FROM THE BONDS OF EARTH! AND YOU SCOFF! YOU **FOOL!**

IF I FELL FOR YOUR RIDICULOUS TRICKERY! SINCE YOU SPEAK **PLAINLY, FLETCHER,** I MAY AS WELL DO THE SAME!



YOU'RE A FAKE! A CHEAP CHARLATAN WHO IS TRYING TO USE THE PRESS TO FURTHER HIS OWN ENDS. WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE---

HOW **DARE** YOU!



SO! THE FASTING ASCETIC IS QUITE **HUMAN**, AFTER ALL! I THINK I **SHALL** GIVE YOU SPACE IN MY COLUMN, FLETCHER! BUT **NOT** IN THE WAY YOU HOPED!

NO! DARCY, I-I **APOLOGIZE!** WHEN A MAN LIVES WITH A PURPOSE-- AS I HAVE, HE FORGETS HIS MANNERS AT TIMES! PLEASE-- FORGIVE ME!



BUT JOHN DARCY WAS NO LONGER LISTENING. HE TURNED AWAY ...

COMING, GENTLEMEN?

YES-- I GUESS WE'D BETTER! IN FACT, I THINK WE'D ALL DO WELL TO FORGET THIS WHOLE THING! **HOW- EVER** IT WAS DONE, OUR READERS WOULDN'T **BE- LIEVE** IT ANYWAY! SORRY, MISTER FLETCHER!



BUT YOU **SAW**! WHAT I DID WAS NOT ACCOMPLISHED BY TRICKERY! YOU CAN EXAMINE **ME**! EXAMINE THIS **ROOM**! YOU MUSTN'T LET YOURSELVES BE LED BY THE DOUBTS OF ONE MAN!

WE **COULD** EXAMINE THE ROOM, FLETCHER! BUT YOU'RE QUITE CLEVER! I DON'T IMAGINE WE'D **FIND** ANYTHING! BUT DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL GET YOUR **PUBLICITY**! I PROMISE YOU!



ALL RIGHT! GO ON! **WRITE** YOUR ARTICLE! BUT ONE DAY YOU'LL SEE! ONE DAY I'LL HUMBLE YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU FOR THE FOOL YOU ARE!



SO, OUT OF A SINGLE MOMENT WAS BORN FIRST CONTEMPT-- THEN HATRED!

CHARLATAN! FAKER! THAT'S WHAT HE CALLS ME, MAGDA! DARCY **LAUGHS** AT ME! ONE DAY HE SHALL **PAY** FOR THAT!



FOR A FEW DAYS THE WORLD LAUGHED, AS JOHN DARCY LAUGHED! THEN ARTHUR FLETCHER WAS FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD AND BY JOHN DARCY! BUT ARTHUR FLETCHER HAD NOT FORGOTTEN!

FLETCHER! WELL, WELL! THE PRODIGAL RETURNS! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? **MORE TRICKS?**

JUST-- A VISIT, DARCY. I'VE MADE MANY VISITS TODAY. I'VE SEEN AND SPOKEN TO EVERY MAN WHO WAS PRESENT THAT NIGHT. I'VE COME BACK TO ASK YOU TO **ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION!**



SEVEN MONTHS, DARCY! FOR SEVEN MONTHS I'VE TAKEN ONLY ENOUGH FOOD TO KEEP ME ALIVE! I'VE WORKED! I'VE DEVELOPED MY POWERS OF CON- CENTRATION TO A POINT YOU COULD NOT COMPREHEND! BECAUSE AT LAST I HAD A DRIVING FORCE-- **HATE!**



HATE, DARCY! THERE IS NO MORE POWERFUL HUMAN EMOTION! COME TO MY HOME TONIGHT! THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO DOUBT! THIS TIME YOU WILL CRAWL! YOU WILL RECANT EVERY LYING WORD YOU WROTE!

SORRY! I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR THIS EVENING!

THEN YOU WILL CHANGE YOUR PLANS! THE OTHERS ARE COMING! IT WOULD LOOK AS IF YOU WERE AFRAID TO COME, WOULDN'T IT? BECAUSE IF I SUCCEED — YOU WILL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK!

HATE, NAKED AND ALIVE, LEAPED BETWEEN THESE TWO AS SPARKS FLY BETWEEN TWO CHARGED WIRES! ARTHUR FLETCHER SMILED — AND FOR JOHN DARCY THERE WAS NO CHOICE...

IF YOU WILL BE SEATED, GENTLEMEN, WE WILL BEGIN AGAIN! BUT TONIGHT — THERE WILL BE A DIFFERENCE!

TONIGHT, THERE WILL BE NO QUESTION OF TRICKERY! TONIGHT MY HUSBAND SHALL RISE FROM HIS COUCH AND FLOAT! OUT! THROUGH THAT WINDOW! THEN HE SHALL RETURN!

OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW! THAT — THAT'S INSANE! WE'RE NINE STORIES UP!

THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM! MY HUSBAND HAS DONE IT MANY TIMES — SINCE WE SAW YOU LAST! WE ASK ONLY THAT YOU REMAIN ABSOLUTELY QUIET! AS BEFORE! THE SLIGHTEST NOISE MIGHT BREAK HIS CONCENTRATION!

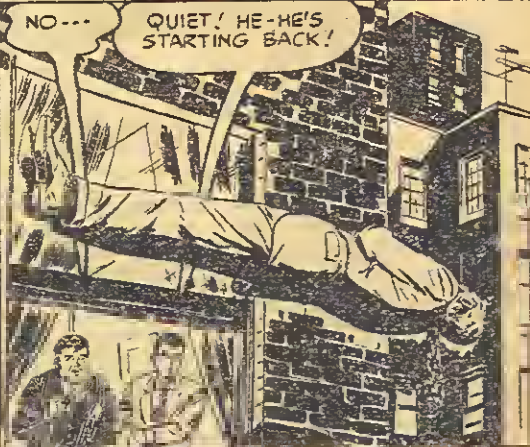
BAH!

JOHN DARCY SPAT OUT THE WORD! BUT HE MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING! IF FLETCHER SUCCEEDED, DARCY WAS A RUINED MAN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING — BUT HE SAT SILENT AFTER THAT! FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

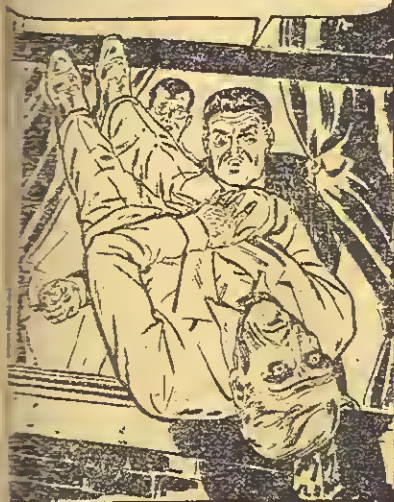
NO MAN SPOKE THAT WHAT WAS HAPPENING COULD **NOT** HAVE BEEN HAPPENING! BUT IT DID! A BODY ROSE, FLOATED IN MID-AIR AND MOVED! TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW!



A MAN DEFIED THE NATURAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE! AND JOHN DARCY MUST HAVE HEARD THE LAUGHTER! THE LAUGHTER THAT THIS TIME WOULD BE DIRECTED AT HIM!



NO! IT'S **STILL** SOME KIND OF TRICK! I WON'T BELIEVE IT! SOMETHING'S HOLDING HIM UP! SOMETHING **REAL!** WE'RE NOT CHILDREN TO BE FOOLED...



HE-FELL! NINE STORIES! THERE **WASN'T** ANYTHING — HOLDING HIM! THERE WASN'T ANYTHING!



YOU-KILLED HIM! MURDERER! YOU KNEW! YOU KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU BROKE THE THREAD! YOU WANTED HIM TO **DIE!** YOU **WANTED** IT!

NO — I DIDN'T KNOW! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! AN **ACCIDENT!**



IT WAS MAGDA FLETCHER WHO SWORE OUT A WARRANT, WHO CHARGED JOHN DARCY WITH MURDER! JOHN DARCY WAS TRIED IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS, APRIL 16, 1949...



THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE VERDICT, OF COURSE! **NOT GUILTY!** THE LAW DEMANDS CONCRETE EVIDENCE! BUT JOHN DARCY HAS BEEN PUNISHED. HE HAS VANISHED! SOMEWHERE, HE SITS ALONE BROODING / BELIEVING AT LAST.

READY TO RETIRE

ANDY WELLS slipped stealthily from his car and went noiselessly across the dark alley. He flattened his back against the dirty brick wall and stood silently while his eyes grew accustomed to the dark night, his hand automatically feeling the cold steel .38 pistol in his belt.

Andy edged his way along the wall like a stalking cat, alert, cautious, unafraid. He thrilled a little as he thought of what awaited him, this was the end of the journey, the end of danger, fear and mistrust. He had waited a lifetime for this moment. He had dreamed of it, killed for it, and had been near death many times for it. But now it was almost over.

When he stood below the warehouse window, his eyes pierced the darkness. Satisfied that he was not observed, he pushed open the unlocked window and crawled through. Once inside he felt relief, but he knew this feeling to be the greatest trickery in the business. As his eyes roamed the huge warehouse for signs of the guard, his keen mind checked every point of his plan.

Suddenly a faint smile played around his sensuous mouth. He was a little amused at how easy all this had come about. He had gotten a job at Foster and Aimes Importers and had waited, watched, planned. Then finally the shipment of Chinese articles came from Hong Kong. One of the crates was marked with a peculiar Chinese figure, meaningless to anyone except Andy Wells. After that it was easy to slip over and unlock a window and hide a pinch bar.

Andy quickly made his way to the marked crate, which was still unopened. He slipped his hand between two boxes and grasped the steel pinch bar. As his hand withdrew with the bar, he thought of King Lang. He smiled. If King Lang could only see him now! Fat, lazy King Lang whom he'd outwitted so easily in Hong Kong!

Lang had never guessed about the small box with the false bottom. Andy, pretending to be a novice, had shown interest only in the two worthless stones in the outer box and had paid Lang



a thousand dollars to smuggle them into the United States. It was no secret that Lang had been after the Hsung Emerald—he would have killed for much less—but now it was Andy's—Lang could go back to his pipe in ridicule and defeat.

Andy slipped the pinch bar under a corner board. He knew just where the box would be. King had drawn him a picture. He was just applying pressure on the bar when a voice, hard and cold startled him. "Don't move!"

A beam of light stabbed into Andy's face, blinding him. Habit had taught him to control his nerves. He relaxed and patiently waited for the one small break. The guard's voice was familiar. He remembered a large man, soft and slow.

The guard spoke again. "Andy Wells! I might have known! Don't try anything, I'll use this gun I'm holding!" The light moved forward a little.

"That light's hurtin' my eyes! Do you have to do that?" Andy's voice was steady, calculating. His muscles taut, ready.

As the beam of light lowered, Andy saw a sliver of light shoot off the steel automatic in the guard's hand. Andy brought the pinch bar up hard and threw it at the gun. Metal clashed against metal, it was a lucky throw. In the same second, Andy jumped across the crate, his hard fists punching like pile drivers. The first blow caught the guard full in the stomach. He doubled forward with a grunt. Andy brought his knee up into the guard's face and at the same time brought a fist down on the back of his neck. The guard fell face down on the cement floor.

Andy retrieved the pinch bar and went back to the crate. With hurried movements, he inserted the bar and heard the sharp screech as the nails pulled out of the wood. He put his strong fingers under the board and jerked it up.

At that instant there was a blinding flash and a terrific explosion. In the split second that Andy was still alive, he knew that King Lang had found the secret compartment and had rigged the marked box as a booby trap.

The explosion splintered the crate and many boxes around it. It broke windows for a half block around, and Andy Wells was scattered all over the warehouse.

Stop and think! Haven't you ever thought--so and so is a pig! Or that women behaves like a cat! Well, perhaps you're closer to the truth than you think! At least that was--

STANWICK'S THEORY!

RICHARD, NO MATTER WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE PAST! IT DOESN'T PROVE YOUR FATHER IS RIGHT! HE'S A SICK MAN! YOU MUSTN'T TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY! HIS IDEAS DON'T MAKE SENSE!

BUT THEY DO! GET OUT, DOCTOR! FOR YOUR SOUL'S SAKE! IF YOU DON'T, ONE DAY YOU'LL REGRET IT! AS I REGRET THE DAY I WAS BORN!

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE MORBIDLY CURIOUS, THEN PERHAPS YOU ATTENDED ARNOLD STANWICK'S FUNERAL... AFTER ALL, HE WAS A PROMINENT MAN... BUT PERHAPS YOU WONDERED WHY THERE WERE SO FEW MOURNERS? **WHY THE COFFIN WAS SEALED!** THIS IS WHY!

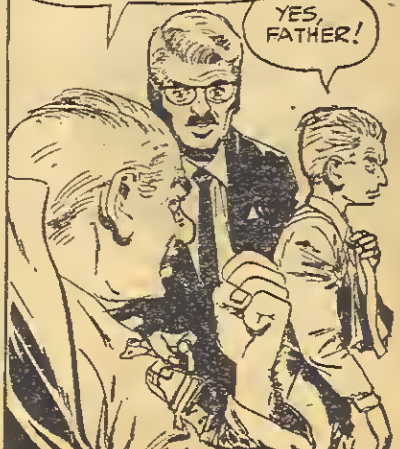
MONEY? YOU NEED MONEY? THEN... FIND IT SOMEWHERE ELSE! GET OUT, YOU **MOUSE!** TAKE THAT TWITCHING NOSE OF YOURS OUT OF MY SIGHT!

FATHER, I'M IN TROUBLE! I'VE RUN UP A BIG GAMBLING BILL! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! **PLEASE!**



PLEASE, HE SAYS! HOW HE SQUEALS, EH, DOCTOR? MY SON! LOOK AT HIM! HE EVEN LOOKS LIKE A **MOUSE!** GET OUT, **MOUSE!** IF I HAD TWICE AS MANY MILLIONS YOU STILL WOULDN'T GET A CENT!

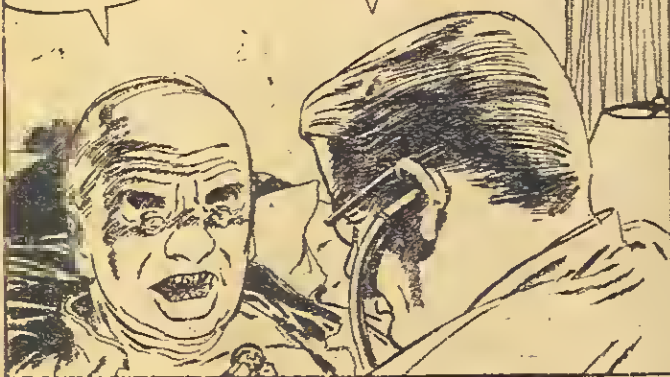
YES, FATHER!



bill walton

YES, FATHER!
NO, FATHER!
HOW I LOATHE
HIM! HE'S SOME-
THING TO BE
PROUD OF,
ISN'T HE,
STONE?

HE MIGHT BE IF YOU GAVE HIM
HALF A CHANCE! STANWICK, I
HAVE NO RIGHT TO INTERFERE
IN YOUR FAMILY AFFAIRS... BUT
YOU HAVE A BAD HEART!
TAKE IT EASY! WHY DO YOU
HATE THE WORLD SO?



I DON'T HATE THE
WORLD! I DESPISE
IT! BECAUSE THE
WORLD IS A JUNGLE!
A JUNGLE FULL
OF ANIMALS!
EACH OF US IS
LIKE SOME
ANIMAL, DOCTOR!
AND I DESPISE
THE ANIMAL
THAT IS MY
SON!

I SEE! YOUR
SON IS A
MOUSE, SO
YOU DESPISE
HIM! THEREFORE
YOU INFURIATE
YOURSELF! FOR
BEING A MOUSE
YOU PERSECUTE
HIM... AND PUT
A STRAIN ON
YOUR OWN
HEART!



NO! FOR BEING A
MOUSE... I EXPERIMENT
WITH HIM! I DRIVE
HIM INTO CORNERS!
IT AMUSES ME TO
TEST MY THEORY
IN THE LITTLE
TIME I HAVE
LEFT TO LIVE!

AMUSES YOU! MISTER
STANWICK, I'VE BEEN
YOUR PHYSICIAN FOR
ONLY A SHORT TIME!
I DON'T REALLY KNOW
YOU, BUT I'M CERTAIN
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!
WHY, IT'S INHUMAN!



INHUMAN? IS IT INHUMAN WHEN YOU DISSECT
A GUINEA PIG? I BELIEVE THAT EVERY HUMAN
BEING RESEMBLES SOME ANIMAL! SO I
DRIVE THEM! I MAKE THEM MORE AND
MORE LIKE THE BEASTS THEY ARE!
WHY NOT?



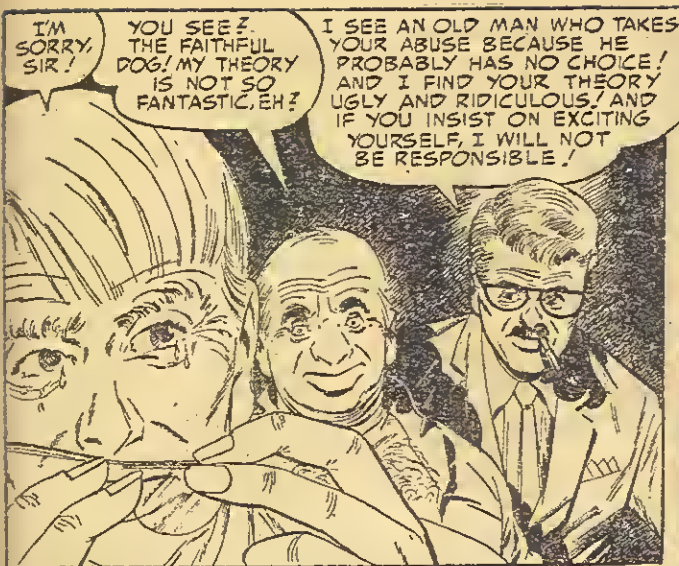
YOUR
TONIC,
SIR!

THE WHIP, DOCTOR! IT'S THE
ONLY THING ANIMALS RE-
SPECT! TAKE WILLIS HERE!
THE FAITHFUL DOG! YOU
DIDN'T KNOW WILLIS HAS
BEEN WITH ME FOR
FORTY YEARS, DID
YOU? WATCH!



IT'S NOT CHILLED!
HERE! DRINK IT
YOURSELF, YOU
FOOL!





I'M
SORRY,
SIR!

YOU SEE?
THE FAITHFUL
DOG! MY THEORY
IS NOT SO
FANTASTIC, EH?

I SEE AN OLD MAN WHO TAKES
YOUR ABUSE BECAUSE HE
PROBABLY HAS NO CHOICE!
AND I FIND YOUR THEORY
UGLY AND RIDICULOUS! AND
IF YOU INSIST ON EXCITING
YOURSELF, I WILL NOT
BE RESPONSIBLE!

RESPONSIBLE! AS
IF YOU CARED IF
I LIVE OR DIE! YOU
HAVE YOUR COUNTER-
PART, TOO, DOCTOR!
THE LEECH! THE
BLOODSUCKER!
YOU LIKE YOUR
FAT FEES! WHY
NOT AT LEAST
BE HONEST?
YOU CAN'T
DENY IT!

I WON'T BOTHER!
YOUR THEORIES
ARE IDIOTIC! BUT
I CHOOSE TO
BELIEVE THAT
YOU MEAN NO
INSULT! YOU'RE A
SICK MAN! GOOD
DAY, MISTER
STANWICK!



THERE WERE TIMES AFTER THAT WHEN DAVID STONE DETESTED HIS
PATIENT, TIMES WHEN HE REGRETTED THE CODE OF ETHICS WHICH
MADE HIM RETURN AGAIN AND AGAIN TO THAT HOUSE! BUT HE DID
RETURN!

YOUR SISTER WAS A
VERY BEAUTIFUL GIRL, RICHARD!
IT SEEMS A PITY THAT YOU DENY
YOURSELF...WHAT SHE HAD!
SHE SEEMS SO...SO
VIVACIOUS, SO ALIVE!
EVEN NOW!

ISN'T WHAT YOU MEAN...THAT
I'M A FOOL AND A COWARD
TO STAY IN THIS HOUSE,
DOCTOR? BUT ELAINE WAS
A PEACOCK! I'M... A
MOUSE!

FATHER IS RIGHT,
YOU KNOW! ONCE,
I DIDN'T THINK
SO! BUT I'VE
LEARNED! IF HE
WEREN'T... I'D
FIGHT, WOULDN'T
I? I'D DO
SOMETHING?

I DIDN'T
MEAN
THAT!
RICHARD,
YOUR FATHER
IS A SICK
MAN! I'VE
WANTED
TO TALK TO
HIM SO
MANY TIMES!
YOU MUSTN'T
TAKE HIM
SERIOUSLY!



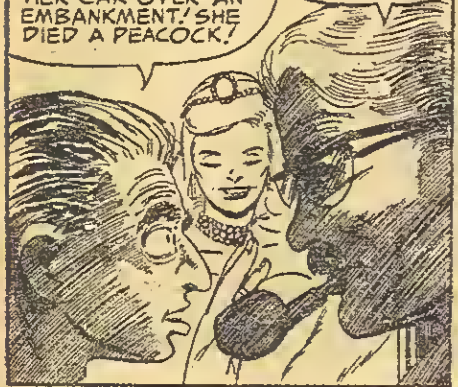
IS HE, DOCTOR? SHE IS
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T SHE?
THAT'S WHAT KILLED HER!
SHE LOVED CLOTHES,
JEWELS! SHE LOVED TO
ADORN HERSELF! FATHER
SAID SHE WAS A PEACOCK!
AND HE WAS RIGHT! SHE
WAS!

SHE FELL IN LOVE! SHE WANTED TO MARRY! BUT FATHER
KNEW HER! HER SWEETHEART WAS POOR! FATHER
OFFERED HER MONEY IF SHE'D GIVE HIM UP!
OTHERWISE, NO MORE SILKS, NO MORE
DIAMONDS! AND SHE ACCEPTED!



SHE TOOK IT BECAUSE SHE WAS WHAT FATHER SAID SHE WAS! FOR SIX MONTHS SHE LIVED ONLY FOR HER TRINKETS! THEN ONE DAY SHE PUT ON HER FINEST GOWN AND DROVE HER CAR OVER AN EMBANKMENT! SHE DIED A PEACOCK!

I DIDN'T KNOW! I'M SORRY! BUT SURELY THAT DOESN'T PROVE YOUR FATHER'S THEORY!



YES! IT DOES! GET OUT, DOCTOR! GET OUT OF THIS CURSED HOUSE! GET OUT AND DON'T COME BACK! FOR YOUR SOUL'S SAKE! IF YOU DON'T, ONE DAY YOU'LL REGRET IT! AS I REGRET THE DAY I WAS BORN!



DAVID STONE RECALLS THAT MOMENT SO VIVIDLY! ALMOST, HE, TOO, BELIEVED AS RICHARD STANWICK BELIEVED! BUT HE SHOOK THE FEELING OFF! HE WAS STILL A DOCTOR, A MAN OF COLD SCIENCE! HE CLIMBED THE STAIRS THOUGHTFULLY... BUT NOT CONVINCED!

WELL, YOU APPEAR TO BE IN FINE FETTER THIS MORNING! YOU'RE LOOKING WELL, MISTER STANWICK!

AND FEELING EVEN BETTER, DOCTOR!

COME IN, AND SHARE MY GOOD NEWS! OR HAS RICHARD ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT HE'S GOING TO BE ARRESTED?



ARRESTED? YOUR SON? SO THAT'S WHY HE BEHAVED SO STRANGELY, THEN! AND YOU CALL THAT GOOD NEWS?

OH, COME NOW, DOCTOR! DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED! WE'RE BOTH MEN OF LOGIC! SENTIMENT ISN'T FOR US! YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY FOR ME! I'M ABOUT TO PROVE MY THEORY!



RICHARD HAS STOLEN FROM ME! FROM MY SAFE! NOW, WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE IF HE'LL GO ALL THE WAY! IF HE'LL FIGHT ME!

HE STOLE FROM YOU... AND YOU'D HAVE HIM ARRESTED? BUT THAT... THAT'S INHUMAN! HE CAME TO YOU FOR HELP AND YOU REFUSED HIM! HE MUST HAVE BEEN DESPERATE! WHAT CAN YOU HOPE TO GAIN?



PROOF! PROOF THAT I AM RIGHT! THAT PEOPLE ARE ANIMALS! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THAT PROOF! ONCE I HAD A DAUGHTER! I THOUGHT SHE WOULD BE MY PROOF! BUT SHE CHEATED ME! SHE DIED!



BUT NOW... RICHARD IS A MOUSE! A MOUSE IN A CORNER! WHAT WILL HE DO, DOCTOR? EVEN A MOUSE WILL FIGHT IF IT'S TRAPPED! HE MIGHT EVEN TRY TO KILL ME! HE HATES ME ENOUGH TO DO THAT!

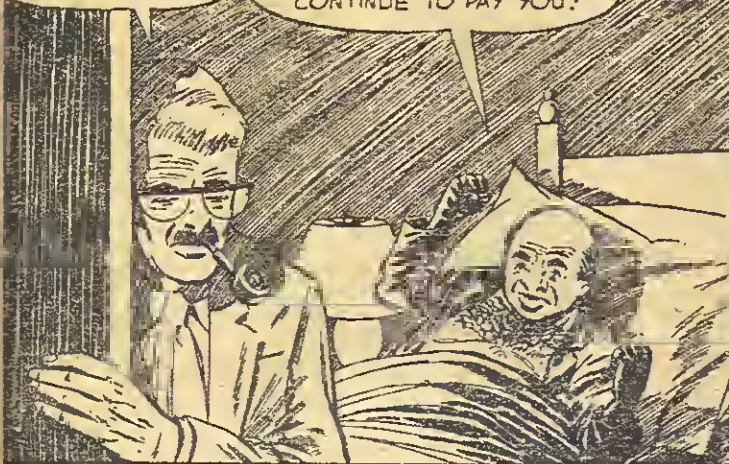


YOU'RE MAD! YOU MUST BE! I'VE HAD ALL OF THIS THAT I CAN STAND! I'M A DOCTOR! BUT I'M ALSO A MAN!



MISTER STANWICK,
I SUGGEST THAT
YOU FIND ANOTHER
PHYSICIAN!

BRAVO! THE LEECH PLAYS HERO, EH?
BRAVO, DOCTOR, BUT WE'LL DISPENSE
WITH THE PRETTY SPEECHES!
YOU'LL COME BACK! AS I
CONTINUE TO PAY YOU!



REVOLTED, DAVID STONE LEFT! BUT
ARNOLD STANWICK WAS AT LEAST
PARTLY RIGHT! STONE WAS TO
COME BACK! ONCE! BECAUSE
THAT NIGHT HIS TELEPHONE RANG!

YES? HELLO!
WHO IS IT? I
CAN BARELY
HEAR YOU!

DOCTOR.
THIS IS...
STANWICK...
COME...



SO MUCH, DAVID STONE HEARD! THEN GASPS...
AND SILENCE! HE HAD NO DESIRE TO RETURN TO
THAT HOUSE OF TORMENT! BUT HE WAS A DOCTOR!
AND ARNOLD STANWICK HAD SOUNDED WEAK, STRANGE!

RICHARD! WHAT HAPPENED?
YOUR FATHER CALLED ME!
THEN SUDDENLY ALL I
HEARD WERE PECULIAR
NOISES! YOU DIDN'T...
RICHARD, YOU DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING FOOLISH!

YOU THINK... I
KILLED HIM!
BUT I DIDN'T!
I DIDN'T HAVE
TO! HE HAD A
THEORY! A THEORY...
HA... HA... HA...



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR
TIME, DOCTOR! HE'S
DEAD! BUT I DIDN'T
KILL HIM! I TRIED!
I CAME HERE TO
KILL HIM! BUT HE
LAUGHED AT ME!
THEN HE FLEW
INTO A RAGE
BECAUSE I
LOST MY
COURAGE!

THAT'S THE TRUTH,
SIR! MISTER RICHARD
WAS DOWNSTAIRS
WITH ME WHEN IT
HAPPENED! WE HEARD
MISTER STANWICK!
HE WAS CURSING!
SAYING TERRIBLE
THINGS! THEN WE
HEARD HIM FALL! IT
WAS HIS HEART!



ARNOLD STANWICK WAS DEAD! THERE
WAS NOTHING STONE COULD DO FOR
HIM! HIS CONCERN WAS WITH THE
LIVING! WITH STANWICK'S SON WHO
BEGAN TO LAUGH HYSTERICALLY!

HE DIED OF
DISAPPOINTMENT!
BECAUSE I WOULD
NOT FIGHT LIKE A
CORNERED MOUSE!
HE DIED... HE DIED
AND HE NEVER
KNEW THAT WAS
RIGHT!

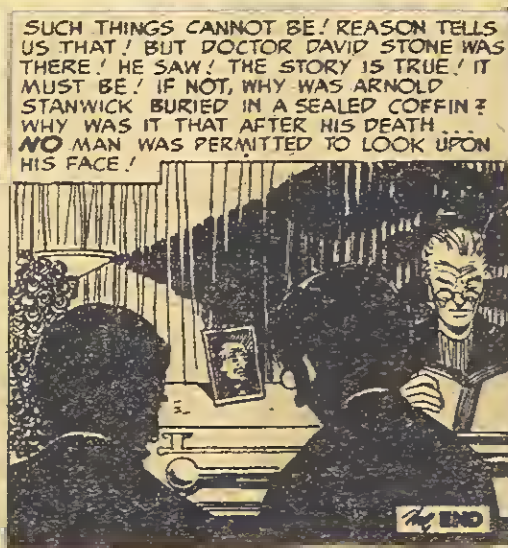
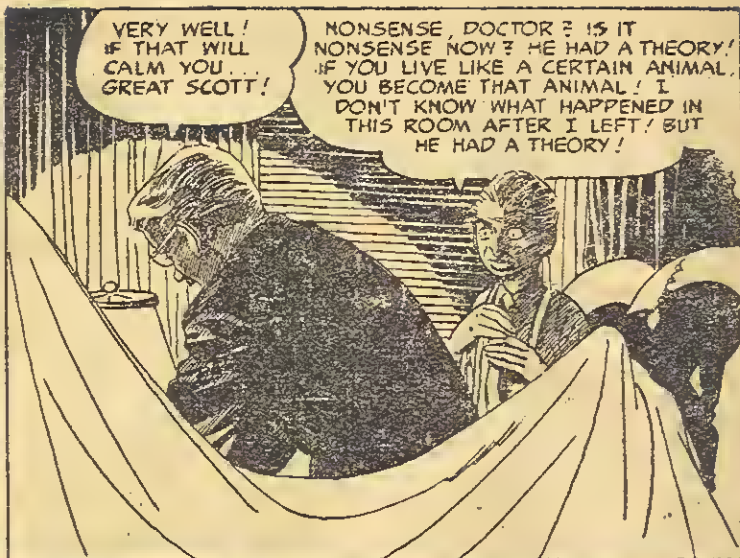
RICHARD! STOP
IT! YOU'RE
HYSTERICAL!
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING!



DON'T YOU, DOCTOR! BUT
YOU WILL! DOCTOR, HE SAID
EACH OF US WAS LIKE SOME
ANIMAL! ALL RIGHT! TELL
ME WHAT ANIMAL YOU
THINK HE WAS LIKE!
TELL ME!

WHY... I DON'T KNOW!
HE WAS... VICIOUS! HE
ROOTED FOR THE EVIL
IN PEOPLE THE WAY
A... A WILD BOAR
ROOTS FOR GRUBS!
BUT HE'S DEAD! WHAT
DIFFERENCE DOES
THAT MAKE NOW? THIS
IS NONSENSE!





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Nobody is indispensable to mother nature! Not even man! She may already have replaced us with a growing super-brat like--

HORRIBLE HERMAN!



"AT THE VERY MOMENT I DELIVERED HERMAN INTO THIS LIFE, I KNEW HE WAS--**"DIFFERENT."** THERE CAME A THOUGHT TO MY MIND-- WHICH NEITHER BELONGED TO ME--NOR MY ASSISTANTS-- NOR, HARDLY TO THE WOMAN WHO HAD DIED IN CHILD-BIRTH. I SENSED THE THOUGHT AGAIN. **"I MUST SURVIVE,"** IT QAILED.

POOR THING! PERHAPS IT'S BETTER THIS WAY. SHE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THAT PECULIARLY, UGLY CHILD!

NOT ALL OF US ARE BORN BEAUTIFUL! HOWEVER, THIS BOY MAY DEVELOP QUALITIES TO COMPENSATE HIM WELL FOR HIS HANDICAP!



TELLING THE NEXT OF KIN WAS A DUTY NO DOCTOR ENJOYED, BUT, IT HAD TO BE DONE.

ETHEL--GONE... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! THE NEW BABY IS OUR SEVENTH CHILD. TAKING CARE OF SUCH A BROOD WON'T BE EASY.

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT GETTING THE PROPER ATTENTION FOR THE LITTLE ONE, MISTER KROLL. I'LL DROP BY FREQUENTLY AND LOOK IN ON HIM!

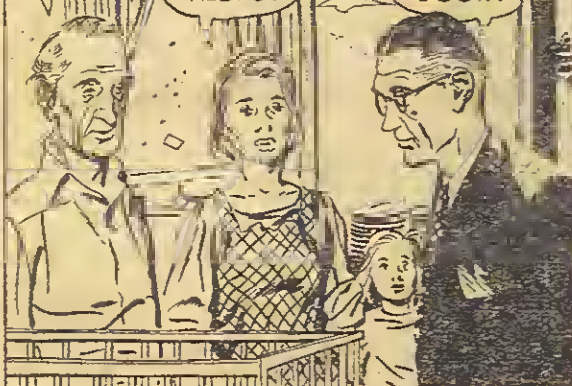


*HERMAN WAS TWO MONTHS OLD BEFORE I WAS FREE TO 'CARRY OUT MY PROMISE! I EXAMINED THE HOMELY, LITTLE BUDDHA WHO RECLINED IN HIS BATTERED CRIB... THE HUB OF ALL THE SQUALID POVERTY SURROUNDING IT... AND, THE BABY'S EYES STARING MYSTICALLY INTO MINE... WERE MERELY BABY EYES...

THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, CLARA/SHE'S THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE NOW!

HELLO DR. MASON! PAPA TOLD ME YOU PROMISED TO DROP BY AND SEE HOW HERMAN WAS GETTING ALONG!

HE SEEMS WELL CARED FOR! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, CLARA! I'LL DROP BY AGAIN VERY SOON!



I WASN'T FOOLED! I'D BEEN SEEMINGLY CARELESS WITH A SAFETY PIN ON HERMAN'S DIAPER! EVEN, AS I LEFT, I CAUGHT A SIDE GLANCE OF LITTLE FINGERS SNAPPING SHUT THE STEEL SHAFTS OF THE PIN!



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED I SAW HERMAN MANY TIMES! HE WAS ALMOST A YEAR OLD WHEN I FOUND THE BOOK! A VERY UNUSUAL BOOK FOR A CHILD OF HIS YEARS!

MODERN MATHEMATICS BY THAYER! CLARA, COME IN HERE! HOW ON EARTH DID THIS BOOK GET UNDER THE BABY'S PILLOW? DID YOU PUT IT THERE?

YEAH... HERMAN TOLD ME TO GET THAT BOOK! SO I BOUGHT IT FOR HIM!



I'M YOUR FRIEND, CLARA! YOU NEEDN'T FIB TO ME! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE FOR A YEAR OLD BABY TO MAKE KNOWN THAT HE WANTS OR UNDERSTANDS THIS KIND OF BOOK!

HERMAN CAN! HONEST, DOC! HE CAN TALK REAL GOOD... ONLY, NOT LIKE WE DO!



HERMAN THINKS AT ME! IT'S LIKE A VOICE IN MY MIND! AND, I **KNOW** ITS HERMAN! WHAT'S MORE, I GOTTA DO WHAT HE SAYS...OR ELSE HE GIVES MEAWFUL HEADACHES! GOSH, SOMETIMES IT GETS ME REAL SCARED!

*CLARA'S EXPLANATION WAS ALL THE PROOF I NEEDED! IF HERMAN WAS NOW CAPABLE OF PROJECTING HIS THOUGHTS HE COULD ALSO RECEIVE THE MENTAL IMAGES OF OTHERS! AS SHE LEFT THE ROOM I MADE MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE MIND BEHIND THE INNOCENT EYES OF A BABY!

LISTEN TO ME, HERMAN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO GUARD YOURSELF FROM ME ANY LONGER! I WON'T HARM YOU! I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR WELFARE...



I CAN FORCE YOU TO MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN, YOUNG FELLOW! YOURS IS AN INFANT'S BODY... TINY... SOFT... HELPLESS...

PUT THAT SCALPEL AWAY BEFORE I REACH INTO YOUR MIND AND WRING IT LIKE A MOP! YOU'LL DIE SCREAMING!



HOLD IT, HERMAN! BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING, LET ME HAVE MY SAY! YOU'RE A NEWCOMER IN A WORLD OF 2 BILLION HUMANS! THEY REPRESENT HEAVY ODDS... EVEN AGAINST YOUR POWERS IN THEIR FULL MATURITY!



YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO LIVE AMONG MEN... AS ONE OF THEM... OR DIE! YOU NEED GUIDANCE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, HERMAN! YOU NEED ME!

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR... TEACH ME TO SURVIVE AGAINST MAN! BUT REMEMBER... DON'T PULL THE STRINGS TOO TIGHT! I'M THE MASTER AND I ANGER EASILY!



THIS PACT OF FEAR LASTED FIVE LONG YEARS! HERMAN POSSESSED UNDREAMED OF POWERS! I HELPED THEM GROW AND DEVELOP! BUT, I COULDN'T RID HIM OF HIS BLASTED ARROGANCE!

WHAT MORE CAN I POSSIBLY LEARN FROM YOU? THERE'S A WHOLE PLANET TO BE SEEN! NOW, I INTEND TO DISCOVER HOW A RACE OF ANIMALS AS MENTALLY UNDEVELOPED AS MAN COULD CALL ITSELF CIVILIZED!

NO, HERMAN! YOU'RE... GREAT DAY... HE'S FADING AWAY!



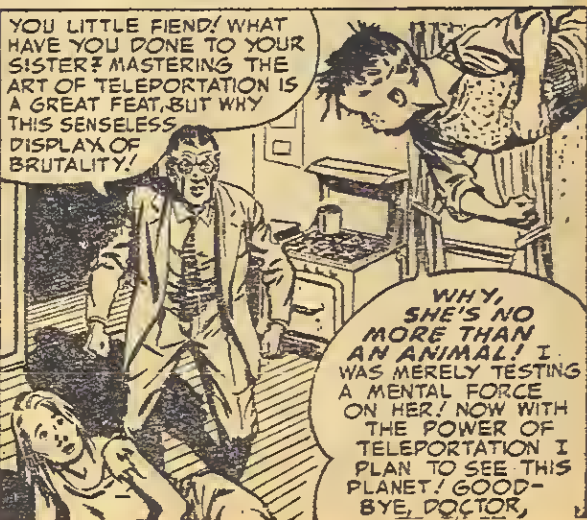
HORRIFIED AT WHAT WAS TAKING PLACE BEFORE MY VERY EYES, I WATCHED HERMAN TURN TO NOTHINGNESS! AND AT THAT PRECISE INSTANT...

HELP! MY ARM! PLEASE, HERMAN! STOP THE PAIN! O-O-W-W-W-



THAT SCREAM, IT'S CLARA! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?

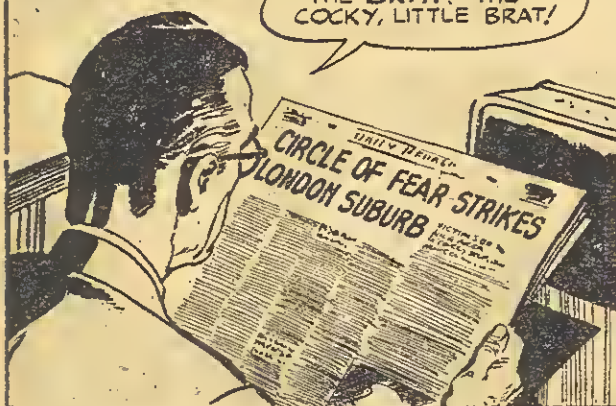
YOU LITTLE FIEND! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR SISTER? MASTERING THE ART OF TELEPORTATION IS A GREAT FEAT, BUT WHY THIS senseless DISPLAY OF BRUTALITY!



WHY, SHE'S NO MORE THAN AN ANIMAL! I WAS MERELY TESTING A MENTAL FORCE ON HER! NOW WITH THE POWER OF TELEPORTATION I PLAN TO SEE THIS PLANET! GOOD-BYE, DOCTOR,

HE COULD BREAK DOWN HIS ATOMIC STRUCTURE ... INTO A BEAM OF ENERGY AND TRAVEL WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT! HERMAN WAS EVERYWHERE ... CAUSING TROUBLE ... FRIGHTENING PEOPLE! THERE WAS ALWAYS THE TRAIL OF STRANGE UNEXPLAINABLE HAPPENINGS!

THE BRAT! THE COCKY, LITTLE BRAT!



HOW TO DEAL WITH AN INCORRIGIBLE YOUNG SUPERMAN? IT WAS A QUESTION I WAS DEBATING ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN HERMAN SUDDENLY MATERIALIZED BEFORE ME! HE HAD GROWN A SNEER!

SO YOU'RE BACK, EH? I SUPPOSE YOU ENJOYED YOUR LITTLE SPREE ... TORMENTING CREATURES NOT YET ABLE TO COMPETE WITH YOU ...

HAH! THEY THINK THEY'RE THE TOP RUNG OF NATURE'S LADDER! THEY'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!



HERMAN ... I WAS HOPING TO HOLD YOUR CHARACTER TO FIT A GREATER ROLE THAN YOU HAVE IN MIND! BUT ...

WE'LL NEVER SEE EYE TO EYE, DOCTOR! YOU VALUE MEN HIGHLY! IF YOU'LL NOTICE ... THE CHAIR AND NEWSPAPER HAVE CAUGHT FIRE!



THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE MADE THEM REACH KINDLING TEMPERATURE! I'M ABOUT TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN TO YOU, DOCTOR!

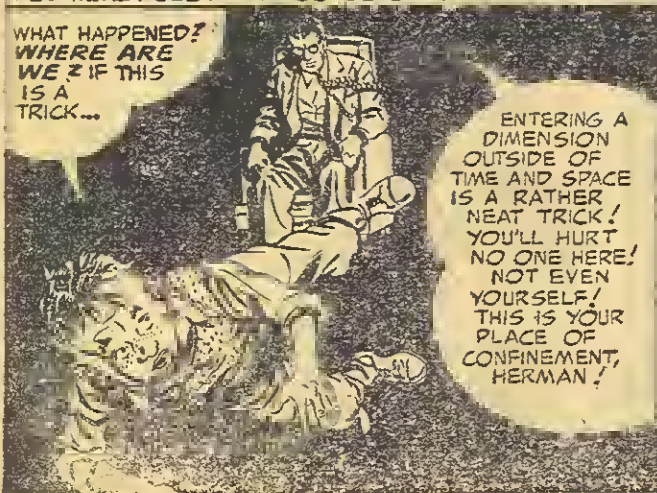
YOU'RE A HIGHLY UNSTABLE LAD, HERMAN! IN A MAN, IT MAY BE CURABLE ... IN A SUPERMAN ... IT'S UNFORGIVEABLE!



POOR LAD! HE WAS QUITE STARTLED WHEN I ACTED! HE'D NEVER BEEN IN LIMBO BEFORE!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE WE? IF THIS IS A TRICK ...

ENTERING A DIMENSION OUTSIDE OF TIME AND SPACE IS A RATHER NEAT TRICK! YOU'LL HURT NO ONE HERE! NOT EVEN YOURSELF! THIS IS YOUR PLACE OF CONFINEMENT, HERMAN!



SOMEHOW, I ALWAYS NEGLECTED TO TELL YOU, HERMAN ... I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS ... I TOO AM DIFFERENT!



THIS IS A REPORT WITHOUT COMMENT ON ONE OF THE **ODDEST** OCCURRENCES IN BRITISH RECORDS. THOUGH THE MATTER HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF A NUMBER OF INVESTIGATIONS, NO EXPLANATION HAS EVER BEEN MADE FOR THE UNCANNY ANTICS AT THE...

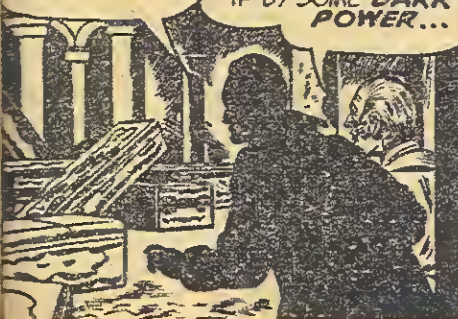
BARBADOS BURIAL VAULT!



IN THE YEAR 1807, THE FIRST COFFIN WAS PLACED IN THE SMALL BURIAL VAULT AT BARBADOS. IN 1812 IT RECEIVED SEVERAL MORE COFFINS. LATE IN THE SAME YEAR ONE VAULT WAS ONCE MORE OPENED TO REVEAL A GHASTLY SIGHT.

GREAT SCOTT... LOOK... LOOK AT... THE COFFINS

WHY, THEY'VE BEEN SCATTERED ABOUT... IN ALL CONFUSION... AS IF BY SOME **DARK POWER**...



NONSENSE... IT MUST BE THE WORK OF **RASCALLY** MORTALS... IT HAS TO BE... WE SHALL PUT THEM IN ORDER AGAIN...

THAT IS A TASK FOR **MORE** THAN THE LIKES OF US. WE MUST HAVE HELP.



THE CUMBERSOME LEAD LINED COFFINS WERE STRAIGHTENED OUT AND THE VAULT CLOSED WITH A STONE SLAB WHICH REQUIRED AT LEAST **SIX** MEN TO MOVE. BUT, EVEN THIS DID NOT REMEDY THE SITUATION.

THIS IS THE THIRD TIME WE HAVE OPENED THE VAULT TO FIND THE SAME CONFUSION—NO **EARTHLY** PERSON HAS ENTERED THAT TOMB, I AM AT LOSS FOR AN EXPLANATION.

I WILL **NOT** ENTER THAT PLACE OF DARKNESS AGAIN... I AM A RATIONAL MAN WHO WILL LIVE ONLY IN THE WORLD OF SUNLIGHT.



THE MATTER HAD BECOME A SUBJECT OF MUCH DISCUSSION TO THE PRESS OF THE WORLD! FINALLY, LORD COMBERMERE, GOVERNOR OF BARBADOS, DECIDED TO SEE FOR HIMSELF WHAT WAS GOING ON!

WHAT COURSE SHALL WE TAKE, YOUR LORDSHIP? THERE IS ANOTHER FUNERAL SCHEDULED AT THE VAULT!

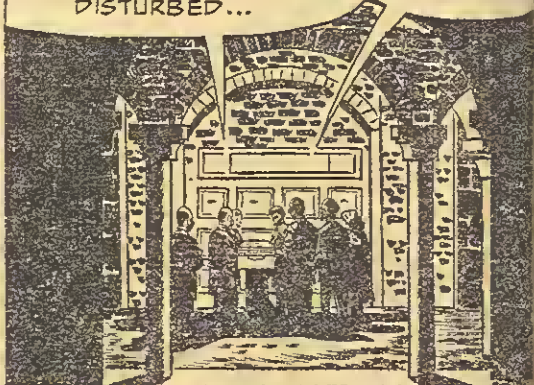
PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO PEACEFUL SLEEP IN BRITISH GROUND! I SHALL PERSONALLY SUPERVISE THIS FUNERAL!



ON JULY 17, 1819, THE BODY OF ONE THOMAS CLARKE WAS PLACED IN THE VAULT BEFORE THE SCRUTINIZING EYE OF THE GOVERNOR!

HE IS LAID TO REST, POOR SOUL! BUT, WHAT **GUARANTEE** DO WE HAVE, THAT THE CORPSE WILL NOT BE DISTURBED...

THIS TIME WE WILL **MAKE SURE...**



I ORDER THE WALLS OF THE VAULT SOUNDED... THE FLOOR COVERED WITH SAND... AND THE OPENING SEALED! A

GUARD WILL BE ON **CONSTANT** DUTY BEFORE THE SEALED ENTRANCE!



WHAT DO YOU FIND HERE?

LOOK FOR YOURSELF, YOUR LORDSHIP...

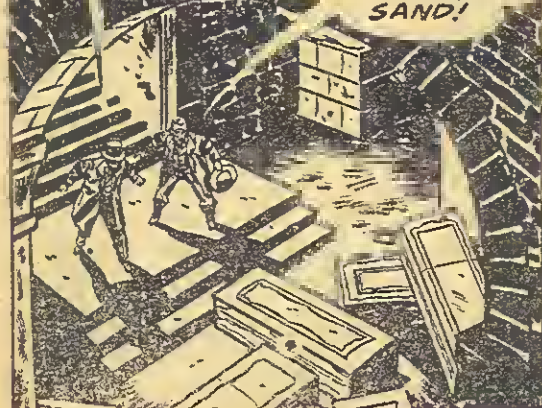
ON APRIL 18, 1820, THE VAULT WAS **AGAIN** OPENED! THIS TIME LORD COMBERMERE WAS PRESENT

WITNESS THE EVENT!



AGAIN... IT HAS HAPPENED AGAIN!

IT HAS HAPPENED AGAIN! YET, THE SEAL HAD NOT BEEN BROKEN... AND THERE ARE **NO FOOTMARKS IN THE SAND!**



THE GOVERNOR HAD SEEN ENOUGH! THE VAULT WAS EMPTIED AND THE COFFINS REMOVED TO MORE SUITABLE BURIAL GROUNDS!

I HEREBY DEEM THIS PLACE **UN-SUITABLE** FOR ETERNAL REST!



THESE ARE THE PLAIN UNVARNISHED FACTS OF THE BARBADOS BURIAL GROUNDS! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN IT? WAS IT THE INSIDIOUS PLOTTINGS OF SOME **EVIL POWER?** ...OR MERELY THE PLAYFUL ANTICS OF... AN ADVENTUROUS **SOUL!**

THE END

THE ONLY JOB

THE tall blonde girl stood at the curb looking up at the large black numbers above a narrow door. But it still looked dark and gloomy.

The newspaper folded under the girl's arm was frayed from too much fingering. Her dress was smudged and streaked with the city's dirt and smoke. The once bright dash of flowers on her limp hat hung dirty and dejected. Her stockings had runs that went from the hem of her dress down to her scuffed, run over shoes.

She glanced up once again at the numbers with red tear stained eyes. She knew the answer would be as before, "No work today, come back tomorrow," but she had to keep trying. She knew she couldn't go on sleeping in railroad stations, dodging the police, begging food. But she could not move from the spot where she stood. "I feel strange," she thought vaguely. "I can't seem to move my feet and even tears won't come."

Just then a black limousine came to a quick halt at the curb behind her. She did not turn, but she heard the door open and then a man's voice.

"I'm from Mrs. Jensen, are you the girl I'm to pick up at the employment agency?"

"A job!" She mumbled to herself. "It could be a job, if it isn't it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter at all. I've got to eat, and I'm so tired!"

As she turned a tall man in a black uniform opened the rear door for her and gave her a kind smile. He said, "Get in, Mrs. Jensen is waiting to see you!"

She slipped into the back seat and felt her body sink deeply into the soft cushions as the powerful motor started up. She relaxed and closed her red, tired eyes. Some time later she felt the car stop and the man's voice said, "Here we are, I'll take you right up to her."

The girl still felt that odd sensation that had held her glued to the sidewalk. It was almost as if she were in a dream or pleasant coma. She followed the man around the large white stucco house and into a huge kitchen, a hallway, a large room, hallways and rooms and up a flight of



curved stairs; then they stopped in front of a door. The man raised his fist to knock, but his hand froze in mid air. Then he turned and looked at her. His eyes went from her frayed hat to her unpolished shoes. He smiled again and said, "No, I don't think she'll hire you, lookin' like that. Come with me, little girl!"

She followed him like a faithful dog, back down the stairs, and through the house, across the driveway and into a small cottage beside the large garages.

Here she met a dark woman, neatly dressed in

a black uniform with white apron. The man said, "Honey, this kid needs the job bad, but the old lady won't hire her lookin' like this. Fix her up with some clothes, will you?"

The dark woman said, "Sure. Come in the bedroom, baby, I'll get you some clean things."

While she was putting on the clean clothing, the man brought in a large beef sandwich and a tall glass of milk. The food loosened her tongue and she spoke for the first time. When she got started she couldn't stop. She told them how she had lost her job, and how she had been looking, and had slept, and gone without food. And she told them that she was very frightened.

Then the man led her back into the large house and up again to the door where they had stopped the first time. This time he knocked softly and they stepped into a huge bed room, beautifully done with light, bright colors. It was a cheerful room. On the wide bed lay a very old woman. Her hair was white against the pink silk sheets, and her body under the bed covering was small and withered.

She smiled as the girl stood beside her bed. The old woman's eyes sparkled and her smile was radiant. Her voice was clear and slow, yet soft and very kind. She said, "What is your name?"

"Evelyn Gram," stated the girl, simply.

"Can you read?" asked the woman.

"Yes!" Evelyn said.

"Sit—sit beside my bed and read to me. I like you, my dear, but try to be a little more cheerful!"

The man winked at Evelyn quickly and went silently out of the room. As the door closed on the two, the old woman gave a long hard gasp and her body went suddenly limp. She was dead.

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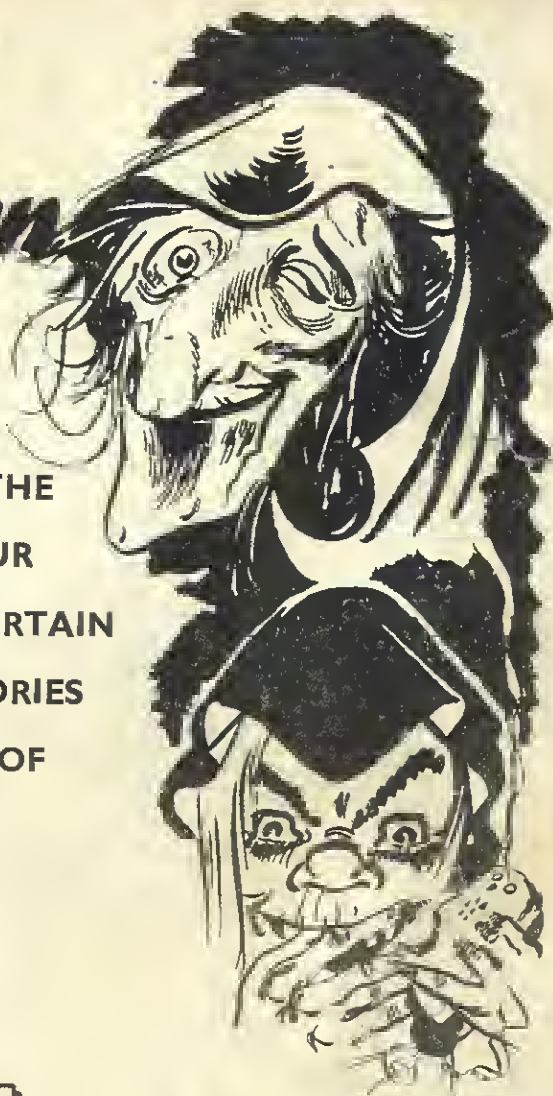
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